THE LIVING AGE.

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SORROW.

My sorrow, O my sorrow, when first you came to rest
Crouched huddling on my hearthstone, I held you to my breast
And cuddled and caressed you, and rocked you o'er and o'er,
My sorrow, like a baby that creeps upon the floor!

I showed you to my neighbors, I made you rhymes to sing,
For I was proud to have you, the delicate small thing;
And so I nursed you always, till you are come to-day,
My sorrow, like a tiger tense-crouching for his prey.

For silently and swiftly, my sorrow, you have grown
Till you are waxed so dreadful I dare not be alone,
Alone I dare not face you, lest I be slain outright—
I pray you, monster sorrow, to sheathe your claws to-night!

Dorothea Mackellar.

The Spectator.

THE VISION ON THE BRINK.

To-night when you sit in the deep hours alone
And from the sleep you snatch wake quick and feel
You hear my step upon the threshold stone,
My hand upon the doorway latch-ward steal,
Be sure 'tis but the white winds of the snow,
For I shall come no more.

And when the candle in the pane is wore,
And moonbeams down the hill long shadows throw,
When night's white eyes are in the chinky door,
Think of a long road in a valley low,
Think of a wanderer in the distance far,
Lost like a voice among the scattered hills.

And when the moon has gone and ocean spills
Its waters backward from the trysting bar,
And in dark furrows of the night there tills
A jewelled plough, and many a falling star
Moves you to prayer, then will you think of me
On the long road that will not ever end.

Jonah is hoarse in Nineveh—I'd lend
My voice to save the town—and hurriedly
Goes Abraham with murdering knife, and Ruth
Is weary in the corn . . . Yet will I stay,
For one flower blooms upon the rocks of truth,
God is in all our hurry and delay.

F. E. Ledwidge.

The Saturday Review.

RENOUNCEMENT.

I must not think of thee: and, tired yet strong,
I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height
And in the sweetest passage of a song.
Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright,
But it must never, never come in sight;
I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,
Must doff my will as raiment laid away,
With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

Alice Meynell.

HOME RULE AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The final sitting of the House of Lords on the Home Rule Bill was a very interesting social function. Brilliant dresses in the open galleries lent an element of color and variety which the Commons can never rival: and the vast assembly on the benches afforded one of the too rare occasions when hereditary legislators can be seen—if the expression may be pardoned—in bulk. There should be strange greetings in such a muster, between noble lords endeavoring to recall when last they met in their corporate capacity. Was it in the triumphant hour of January 1894 when the liberties of Ireland were last submitted to them? or in the black day of July 1912, when, perhaps, also the liberties of Ireland were not obscurely involved, but when, other liberties were more directly affected? As I watched the spectacle, one phrase illuminated it for me. From the lobby, where they had been so grievously crowded, the non-contents came jostling each other, the lords spiritual making up by amplitude of lawn for what they lacked in numbers. Yet they did bravely in their degree, since the temporal peers rejected the measure by only four and a half to one, but the bishops by eight and a half. But then, as Lord Houghton once said, it is etiquette for a new peer to vote with his party for the first session. As the stream flowed unabating, long after the miserable trickle of "Contents" had run dry, some one said to a veteran of the Irish Party near me, "It is just what we saw in 1893." "Yes," answered the veteran, "but we watched it with very different feelings." Only then did it flash upon me what it must have meant to see the result of long months' debate and negotiation in the Commons, of long years, nay decades, of labor in Ireland, in Great Britain, all over the world, submitted to the arbitrament of an assembly which, if it took cognisance at all of Ireland's national voice, heard in it only a motive for refusal. Well, the whirligig of time brings its revenges. The House of Lords set itself across the path of a national movement, and, as a consequence, its vote upon a Home Rule Bill, which in 1894 was an event, is in 1913 little more than a ceremony.

Yet the proceedings upon the Bill deserve notice as the first outcome of the Parliament Act, and its justification. The strictly hereditary chamber, with its theoretically unlimited veto, stands damned once again by its own act. Consider what it means. The principle of Home Rule—for all three Home Rule Bills have been in principle the same—was in 1886 debated for twelve days in the House of Commons, and rejected by thirty votes. Six years of constant discussion in the constituencies altered opinion so far that even in the midst of the Parnell split Mr. Gladstone came back to power, and after eighty-two days' debate the Bill passed the Commons by a majority larger than that which rejected it in 1886. Now it emerges again from the Commons after fifty-two days spent on it with a majority of 110. In Ireland eight successive General Elections have returned four-fifths of the representation Home Rulers. The only change in the attitude of the Lords is that the majority against Home Rule falls from 379 to 257. Ten to one, or five to one, what signifies? The assembly which meets with such response a legislative proposal with such a history stands convicted of a partisanship so narrow as

to render it not merely useless, but a danger to the Constitution.

If there were nothing to go on but the bare figures, a criticism of the attitude of the Lords would be superfluous. But nothing could be more striking than the discrepancy between the balance of argument and the balance of votes: and the debate, not the division, may have shown the true temper of Conservative statesmanship. Herein lies the possibility which seems to render it worth while for an Irish Nationalist to analyze closely the issues connected with the debate, and to offer some observations upon them —bearing in mind not the interest of Ireland only, but of that Imperial Constitution under which we all, Irish no less than English, have to live and work.

What emerged from the debate was a general admission that something had to be done—that there was a problem to be faced in this constant demand of the Irish people for self-governing institutions. Nobody of any note was found to affirm confidently that "twenty years of resolute government" would give this demand its quietus. The Duke of Devonshire, it is true, who led off, made little departure from the traditional attitude, but then, with all respect be it said, the present Duke is not the late Duke. Lord Lansdowne in his speech which closed the Opposition case said nothing about resolute government. What he did say was significant. "Wait a little longer until land purchase has been completed, and in the meantime in God's name leave the Union alone." How long are we to wait? Until the last instalment on the sixty-nine years' purchase system has been banked? or until Lord Lansdowne in his patriotic desire to carry through the good work has sold his own Irish land? Why are we to wait? Because, says Lord Lansdowne, the driving force of Home Rule comes from the agrarian agitation, and "If you could offer an average Irish peasant the choice by a secret vote between Home Rule and a reduction of the rent charge which he pays—a reduction of, say, 10 or 20 per cent—he would unhesitatingly, take the cash and let Home Rule go." No doubt such motives weigh with all men. I recall to mind that in 1881 Lord Lansdowne left Mr. Gladstone's Ministry when Mr. Gladstone proposed a Land Bill which would reduce the rents of Lord Lansdowne (amongst others, by 10 or 20 per cent). Lord Lansdowne no doubt acted in the public interest of his class, and the tenant, in the case postulated, could say to himself that he did the same. But even if by this process we should dispose of the agrarian Home Rulers, what is to be said to the Home Rulers who are not farmers, to the Nationalists of Waterford, of Cork, of Galway, of Sligo, of Dublin, of Derry? What is to be said to the farmers of Wexford, where land purchase is virtually complete (unless indeed we are waiting for the last instalment to work the magic), and where I think Lord Lansdowne is aware that a Unionist candidate would stand as poor a chance as even in Lord Lansdowne's own county of Kerry? I am not arguing these questions in the abstract; there has been too much talk of Ireland in the abstract throughout these discussions; I deal with them in the concrete, as one who knows Ireland chapter and verse, county by county, landlord and peasant, better at all events than any member of the House of Lords. There were however some speakers in the Lords who spoke with knowledge of the country, and to them I shall have occasion to refer; but let us take first the generalities.

Lord St. Aldwyn advocated an extension of local self-government so far as to the creation of provincial coun-

cils. In other words, he has now reached the point which Mr. Chamberlain arrived at some thirty years back. This solution has the great recommendation of being purely British. Nobody in Ireland has ever asked for it, ever suggested it, ever thought of it even; and to the best of my belief nobody in Ireland would ever take it, which I daresay would be quite satisfactory to Lord St. Aldwyn. Lord Curzon objected to the Bill because it blocked the way to "any pacific solution of the Irish question." There is then a question and a solution needed. But Lord Curzon voted against going into the Committee stage, in which he could have adumbrated his solution. Lord Grey pleaded earnestly for Home Rule as "not merely desirable but necessary" for the Empire, but he was against the Bill because it did not create a separate Ulster within a federal system. Ontario, he said, would rightly revolt if forced into a union with Quebec. I must deal later with this point. The Duke of Manchester, "speaking as an Ulsterman," was for federalism in some form as the "eventual solution of this troubled question which divided Ireland, the United Kingdom, and in a sense the Empire." But he avowed that this opinion would get him into trouble with his friends. Lord Dunraven voted for the bill, while condemning many of its provisions. Lord Killanin, while sweeping away with angry scorn all the common objections to Home Rule, voted against it.

Finally, and to his speech I attach most importance, the Archbishop of York claimed "to express the opinions of a very large number of fair-minded citizens" of Great Britain. He avowed "a strong bias in favor of some measure of self-government for Ireland"; he admitted the existence of "a real and urgent Irish problem," which could not be solved "by merely repeating 'We will not have Home Rule.'" There "twenty years of resolute government" walked the plank. Nor did he think it "sufficient to have a policy, however generous, of promoting the economic welfare of Ireland." Overboard with "killing Home Rule by kindness," by land purchase, light railways, food taxes even. Also, "some measure of Home Rule" was "necessary not only to meet the needs of Ireland but to meet the needs of the Imperial Parliament." He did not "think they need be alarmed by the pictures drawn of the effect upon the unity of the United Kingdom." Overboard with the cry of separation. What remained? A number of Committee points, but one dominant factor, "the invincible repugnance of Ulster to this Bill." Herein I think the Archbishop is really representative of the "fair-minded citizens" for whom he speaks. He is for Home Rule, he discards the stock arguments against it; but he is deterred from accepting the principle by what is to him apparently a new fact. What he calls "Ulster" may resist it by force. He does not justify this attitude. "I am not competent, because I have not shared in the experience of the history of these Ulster people, to decide whether or not their fears are groundless." He does not allege of his own knowledge that the danger which terrifies him is real. "But I cannot resist the evidence of men who are in close touch with these people of Ulster, men whose judgment and fair-mindedness I respect, who assure me that they are, of all men, the least likely to be drugged with the wine of words, that they are men, who of all other men mean and do what they say." It matters nothing to him that the same threats were used by the same section on previous occasions, and proved to be empty; he has abdicated his judgment. Men who are in close touch

with these people—presumably Irish bishops—tell him that there will be resistance, and that is enough for him. He will vote against this Bill unless a General Election is promised before it becomes law, because in his opinion the people have never "authorized the Government to undertake the risk of coercing Ulster." Now, here we get to the root of the matter.

The Archbishop of York speaks as a spiritual peer entering "with hesitation" upon discussion of "a question on which party divisions are so clearly marked"; and he speaks professedly in the name of "fair-minded citizens." We are entitled to expect that he at least shall hold the balance even between section and section, and above all between sect and sect. Does he? When was it ever urged that a General Election was needed before coercion might be applied to a body of people in Ireland who resisted or prepared to resist the law, who talked of setting up a provisional government, who organized themselves for arms? Is there to be one set of principles for dealing with Nationalist Ireland and another for dealing with Unionist Ireland? Is there to be one measure—here at the very heart of the Empire—for Protestants and another for Roman Catholics? Observe how far the contention goes. A man of peace may well think twice before he sanctions rebellion, even against long-standing oppression, where constitutional redress has been sought and refused. But what is contemplated here is rebellion before the least hardship has been inflicted, and before there has been even the occasion to test the means provided of constitutional redress. Over this the Archbishop throws the cloak, not of his authority, but of his acquiescence. There are fears, and they may be groundless, but they are the fears of highly respectable men. The threats may be bluster, but creditable persons assure him that every word will be followed by a deed. What, then, is his conclusion? Parliament must shuffle off its responsibility and seek a mandate from the confused verdict of the polls. Two things appear to be omitted from the Archbishop's review of the situation, and the first is that Ulster Unionists have repeatedly refused, by their accredited spokesman, to be influenced by the verdict of any electorate. At the solemn assembly of last autumn at Balmoral, Sir Edward Carson directed every man to hold up his hand and affirm, in the presence of Mr. Bonar Law, "Never under any circumstances will we submit to Home Rule." Mr. Asquith put the question explicitly in the House of Commons, and was explicitly answered by the Lord Mayor of Belfast, that not ten of his constituents would vote for him if he consented to alter his "No Home Rule" attitude, either upon an agreement of English and Scotch Unionists to the federal system, or on approval of the present Bill at a General Election. Further replies to Mr. Asquith's question were published in the *Daily Mail* of the 3rd of January. Captain Craig said: "If England casts us forth we will still hold faithfully the loyal province intact for the King and the Empire." Is the King to be consulted, I wonder, or the Empire? Mr. Moore said they would resist "while ten men hold rifles." Dr. Montgomery, the Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, after pointing out that the terms of the Covenant showed "that no election result could affect it," went on, like a sensible man, to refer to the second point, which has escaped the Archbishop: "In any General Election in the immediate future Home Rule would not be the dominant factor for the British electorate." That is the plain truth. Even before the Refer-

endum on Food Taxes was withdrawn, at the bye-elections while the Bill was in Committee, all the attack centred on the Insurance Act. All that could be gained by an appeal to the electorate would be a postponement of the difficulty, and a chance of returning the Conservative Party to power. These are results legitimately aimed at by the party politician, but they must be dismissed from the purview of a spiritual peer speaking in the name of fair-minded men.

It is useless to fence with the question. When the Archbishop speaks of "Ulster's invincible repugnance to this Bill," he evades the issue. The repugnance is to Home Rule in any shape; it was declared just as strongly against the Irish Council Bill of 1907. The facts have got to be faced, and they bear no relation to the electoral position in Great Britain. Ulster Unionists say there shall not be Home Rule, first because they themselves have prospered under the Union, and secondly, because under Home Rule they, being a minority of Protestants among Roman Catholics, would undoubtedly be oppressed. The first of these arguments claims to prefer the convenience of the minority to that of the majority, not only in Ireland but in the United Kingdom, for Archbishop Lang admits that "some system of delegation or devolution" is desirable in the general interest. It rests also on insecure ground, since, even in the "four counties," though they have a strong industrial life, the population has fallen by 10 per cent. in the last thirty years. But real argument for resistance does not lie here. The "repugnance" is to the control of a Parliament in which Roman Catholics would preponderate. That is the crux. Now, I would put this analogy, which was suggested in a speech of Mr. Redmond's. Archbishop Lang contemplates a system of devolution, and presumably therefore of Home Rule for Scotland, where Roman Catholics, Irish born or for the most part of Irish parentage, make from a fifth to a quarter of the population—a proportion quite as large as that of the "Ulster" Protestants. Suppose this section met the proposal of Scottish Home Rule with a declaration that they would resist by force, from fear of oppression, what would Archbishop Lang say, as a Scotch Home Ruler? Would he reply that their protest could be disregarded because they were weak, because they were poor, because they were scattered, whereas the Ulster Protestants are strong, rich, solid, well posted? Is that a possible answer? Surely Archbishop Lang would bid this minority, in the first place, to trust in the good faith of their fellow-countrymen, and in the second place to remember the overriding power of the Imperial Parliament. I think he would be very eloquent on that text. What then differentiates the cases? This, I think, in the Archbishop's judgment. He sees in the claims of Unionist Ulster "an echo of those claims which are urged on behalf of the majority of the Irish people—nationality, distinctive character, treasured history, deep and passionate desire." In other words, he relies on the hypothesis of two nations in Ireland. Here I am entitled to testify, for I was bred in Ulster, and the part of Ulster where I spent my boyhood is still very familiar to me.

Where were these two nations in my boyhood? Two religions I knew, or rather three, for the cleavage between Presbyterian and Church of Ireland was well marked. But it never entered my mind, or anyone else's, that my father, whose remote ancestor had been in the siege of Derry, was of different nation from my mother, an O'Brien from Clare, or that a Protestant O'Brien was of

different nation from a Catholic MacDermot. Historical tests would have only added to the confusion. At the siege of Derry a Hamilton headed the beleaguering army. Have the Abercorn family changed their nationality since those days? But I need not concern myself with the nationality of the few. Where I was brought up, as all through Ireland except just about Belfast, the vast body of the people lay upon the land. My father's parish in the old days must have been fifteen miles in length; it ran out into a country where Irish was still spoken, and where the great bulk of the people were Catholic. But within the radius of some five miles that I knew field by field, streamlet by streamlet, that I shot and fished over, the people were, as they still are, about equally divided. Protestant and Catholic lived and worked side by side, and either of them would have been vastly astonished to learn that they belonged to different nations. Immigrants, indeed, were sharply discriminated; three or four men came in with my father from his own home in Antrim, they settled on the land at the time when glebe was divided at the Church Act, and for a matter of thirty years they were still somehow strangers—as much to the Donegal Protestants, whose generations had been there of old, as to the Catholics. Their talk was a little different; it had the flavor of Elizabethan English, rather than the Lowland Scotch which is spoken by Protestant peasant and Catholic peasant alike in East Donegal. They were Irishmen from another part of Ireland—but Irishmen, neither more nor less, than anyone else. That is Ulster as I know it—a community of people very sharply divided in religion, and through this division aware of another division, that of racial origin, dating from some three centuries ago; but living neighborly together, interchanging the common good offices of people on the land. The household that I knew best of all belonged to one of the settlers from Antrim, a knowledgeable man with beasts; and how often I have heard, when I came in to sit by the fire, that he had been fetched out in the night to doctor a neighbor's cow. Catholic and Presbyterian came to him as readily as those of his own persuasion. This man was a Unionist; these were the proper politics for a gentleman's coachman. But his son, the ablest man I ever knew working with his hands, who has spent as much brain and energy on thirty acres of bad land as might have reclaimed a province, told me long ago that he saw the country about him changed out of knowledge; that when a man got a pound or two he was putting it into the land, where ten years before he would have drunk it, and that this was the result of the fixed tenure won for the tenants by the Nationalist movement which all Unionists had opposed, and that he therefore was come round to the Home Rulers. Had he changed his nation in the process, I wonder?

All through Ulster, wherever I have stayed, I have found the same features. The proportion of non-Catholics to Catholics varies, that is all.[1] I have never anywhere found myself in contact with a new nation. This, however, is true, that where the proportions are evenly balanced, over a large electoral area, sectarian animosity is most felt. I have been sharply aware of it outside Armagh. Yet even there the fierce Catholic Nationalist who spoke with me (showing me, as

[1] Even in the new University of Belfast Catholic students are 35 per cent. of the total. Yet the Senate of this university only the other day refused a gift of £10,000 to endow a Chair of Irish; and they have endeavored to abolish the Lectureship in Scholastic Philosophy which the Statutory Commission very wisely founded to attract Catholic students

Irish peasants will do, the landmarks of a sixteenth century battle, whose name, I fear, would not be familiar to many readers of this page) told me, in casual talk, the neighborly service that his Protestant oppponent over the way had done him, at a moment when historical memories were challenged. Further away from the centres of passion, on the shore of Sheephaven Bay, in a town that I know house by house, it just chances that the blending of elements is almost equal, but here is no faintest leaven of bitterness; at the fireside, at the dance, Protestant and Catholic consort together, just as they put to sea together in their fishing boats. Yet even in this parish the Covenant was solemnly taken round to every Protestant house, and I heard that only three men refused to sign it.

What is one to think that the signatures of the rest betokened? Am I to believe that these people seriously contemplated taking up arms against those with whom they have lived in unbroken friendship all their lives, and taking up arms without provocation? I believe no such thing. Chiefly, I think, they were influenced by the dislike of singularity, which is a feature of all Irish life; but to some extent an old feeling transmitted through the generations. Their forefathers came there through a confiscation, and the memory of it is in their bones. Whispers went round in the days of the land war—that the Protestant farms were divided out in advance, that this Catholic neighbor was to get such fields, and that one such other fields. That belief has long ceased to be a belief, but a kind of superstition lingers, and this leaven of mistrust is industriously wrought upon by those persons whose judgment and fair-mindedness the Archbishop of York so much respects. Party rancour in Ulster often takes hateful shapes, as when two thousand workers were driven last summer out of the shipyards in Belfast for the offence of being Catholics; but I cannot blame ignorant men, when these sectarian passions are deliberately fanned by those who are not ignorant, and when fair-minded citizens, speaking in the name of equity, come, like the Archbishop of York, and give a half-approval to the work.

Nor can responsibility be evaded by admitting that there is a problem and expressing hope that it will be solved. What Unionists call "Ulster"—that is really the ascendency faction—will not let anyone solve it unless he is prepared to deal firmly with the ascendency. Mr. Wyndham went so far as to contemplate a solution in 1904, when he had the still undimmed prestige of his land purchase achievement about him, and the ascendency made as short work of him as of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1796. Denouncing, through the lips of Mr. Moore, the "wretched, rotten, sickening policy of conciliation," they pitched Mr. Wyndham about his business. What is the use of talking or "dreaming," as the Archbishop puts it, about settlement by consent in face of such a temper? There is a section in Ireland that says: "We will not have Home Rule," and it commands undoubtedly a certain support in England. So did the Jameson Raid and the agitation which led up to the Jameson Raid. In the South African controversy the section of opinion which now throws up its cap for "Ulster" went through the same paroxysms of enthusiasm for the element which achieved the Raid, and treated with precisely the same contempt those elements in South Africa which opposed the raiders. Before repeating that humiliating series of mistakes—those misjudgments, both moral and intellectual—"fair-minded citizens" may be asked to take serious thought.

They are told, first of all, that the feeling for Home Rule is slack and apathetic, the feeling against it a consuming fire. Lord Mayo gave it as his experience that "those farmers in Ireland who have bought their land are afraid that Home Rule will bring trouble to the country." Lord Mayo's home is next door to the parish of Kildare and Rathangan, in which practically the whole agricultural land was sold to the tenants so long ago as 1887; they have paid more than half of the instalments. That parish last year contributed 79*l*. to the parliamentary fund; if every parish in Ireland did as much we should have a total of about 50,000*l*., I think, for 1912 instead of 21,000*l*. Yet this total of subscriptions from Ireland itself was the highest since the beginning of things in 1879, it was raised after the payment of members had made contribution seem less a matter of necessity, and it was raised out of the subscriptions of poor men. Belfast Nationalists sent 1200*l*. of it, and the list of contributors included 1600 names. The rank and file of Sir Edward Carson's following do not make any such proof of their devotion.

Numerically again, what is the strength of the section to which Home Rule is repugnant? In the province of Ulster there are, it is true, a majority of non-Catholics. But the reason why the balance of seats is seventeen for Home Rule, sixteen against, can be found in the presence of Protestant Home Rulers. We are always told that there are Catholic Unionists to set off against them. But at any close election in Tyrone or Belfast or in Derry the Nationalist poll invariably exceeds the number of Catholics who have voted.

But we are told again that numbers do not matter; all the really valuable elements in the community are against us. It is worth while to analyze the Unionist representation. Out of eighteen Unionist members precisely half are lawyers, eight of them K.C.'s with a claim to office. The remaining nine include one big manufacturer. I freely admit that Ulster Unionists could find plenty of leading business men to represent them if Parliament was not so far off and did not sit so long. But for that matter so could Nationalists; this is one of the arguments for Home Rule. For the present, the difficulty is so great that in Derry the Unionists had to put up a soldier from London, and such a candidate was naturally at some disadvantage against the big employer of labor who stood for Home Rule. It is true another local manufacturer came forward as a Unionist, but Mr. Tillie's candidature was in the nature of a protest. He had been, in his own words, "boycotted because he refused to sign their silly Covenant," and also because "out of his 1500 employees at least 1300 were Catholics." He was against Home Rule, but "if the Parliament of the United Kingdom, with the assent of the Crown, passes a Home Rule Bill into law" he was "prepared to make the best of it," and meanwhile he came out to attack "this old and cruel ascendency spirit."

Too much can easily be made of the Derry election. Everyone who knew the facts knew that Derry had three times been represented by a Nationalist; that the majority of the citizens were Catholic; and that a certain number of the Protestants always voted Liberal. But it was important to drive these facts into the general public mind. For, after all, one of the proposals put forward is a separate organization for some part of Ulster, and plainly Ulster in this sense cannot include Derry. Surely an Ulster without Derry would be grotesque. How, in such a case, could it preserve those

historic memories which the Archbishop of York dwells on? But if they become part of Ireland's common heritage, then Derry's resistance to James in 1689 can take its place by the resistance of Limerick to William in 1690. It may be said this is a delusive dream. The Nationalists of Derry, at all events, in picking a Presbyterian Liberal for their standard-bearer at this juncture gave the best evidence of their desire to make reconciliation a reality. Where on the other side is there any equivalent disposition? During the parliamentary contest there was also a municipal election, and the outgoing mayor, Mr. McFarland, was opposed in his candidature for the aldermanship because he had refused to take the local Unionist pledge. That pledge binds the signatory never to vote for a Catholic as mayor, and it embodies the spirit against which Mr. Tillie was for taking the field.

These things ought to be borne in mind when it is proposed to set up a separate administration for Belfast and the adjacent counties. Within that sphere, however it might be defined, there would be a minority of Roman Catholics, making at least one-third of the whole, handed over to an ascendency which still maintains a sectarian monopoly of power. No such spirit has been shown by the Catholics in the south and west. Lord Killanin bore testimony to the efficiency and the fairness of the local bodies on which he had served, and where, as I have good reason to know, he is popular and influential. It is repeated *ad nauseam* that Protestant Unionists do not secure election to the local bodies in the southern provinces. There is an excellent reason. They do not stand. They prefer to stand upon their dignity, and expect the electors to come to them hat in hand. When they have chosen to push their candidature like anyone else they have generally succeeded; Lord Ashtown, whose Unionism was of the most provocative type, secured election to his local district council in Galway.

But all this is well-trodden ground. The important thing for the fair-minded citizen is to remember that in creating by statute a separate "Ulster" he would create a government, legislative or administrative, with a minority at its mercy, and a minority for whose treatment just apprehensions might well be entertained, and he would mutilate Ireland to carry out a scheme which has no theoretical justification. Ireland is a unit geographically. But this separate and homogeneous "Ulster nation" has no local existence. Belfast is a part of Ireland just as Derry is. There are districts predominantly Protestant shading into districts predominantly Catholic in Antrim, Down, Armagh, and Derry as in Donegal or Cavan. No man could draw a defensible boundary, and wherever you drew it the admixture within would be at most two parts to one. Lord Grey argues from the case of Ontario. I believe that there the French Canadian element is only one in five, and that long distances sunder the populations. Nor is that all. By every commercial interest Belfast is bound up with Ireland. It was amazing to hear a man of Lord Curzon's ability repeat the fiction that Ulster paid the larger part of the Irish Customs. Does the Belfast shipper really pay the duty on tea that is drunk in Connemara? The fact which lies behind this nonsensical argument is that Belfast is, to its own great advantage, the commercial port of entry for all Ireland.

The legend of "Ulster's" prosperity in the midst of a poverty-stricken Ireland rests upon no stronger foundations than this claim about the Customs. You have, it is true, a strong

industrial community there—a community more set upon money-getting than any other in Ireland, which has been taught to brag of money-getting as the proof of civic virtue. But the general level of prosperity is quite as high in Wexford as in Down; the race of men is as good, or better. If you could make every Irish county like Wexford you would build up a splendid national life. He would be a bold man who said the same of a project for converting Cork and Dublin into two other Belfasts.

For, let this be observed, Unionist Ulster throws up no men of eminence. It has to go outside for a leader—first to annex Mr. Walter Long, and now Sir Edward Carson, whose genius has created in the popular mind this legendary figure of "Ulster, grim, determined, menacing." "Grim" has indeed become a constant epithet just as "pious" was of Aeneas. Sir Edward Carson has incarnated himself as the traditional mask, and he, no doubt, looks grim enough. He has a talent for looking grim; it is part of his professional *moyens*. But is it not the oddest thing that this eloquent Irishman from the south, with his fine histrionic gift, should be universally taken as the embodiment of Ulster's dourness? Perhaps because he himself felt this, Sir Edward Carson, at one of the high festivals of last September, modestly described Lord Londonderry, who is an Ulster type, as "the greatest living Irishman." "Great" in this context must have an esoteric sense; Lord Londonderry is probably as great an opponent of Liberal ideas as any Irishman dead or living. But is he grim? Is he menacing?

In truth, all this talk of a separate nationality is an argument invented by Englishmen who realize the English dislike of a sectarian basis in "politics"; but it corresponds to no reality in Ireland. Ulster Protestants differ from Munster Protestants no more and no less than the Catholics of Cork from the Catholics of Derry. I have watched with pleasure and with admiration the discomfort of men like Captain Craig when some glib English member was endeavoring to prove that they were somehow less Irish than the rest of us. Everyone knows what an Irishman is; but this new refinement is only one degree less fanciful than the separate "nationality"—dating from the blessed year of 1800—which makes the Yorkshire mill-hand recognize in the Connemara fisherman a fellow-United Kingdomer—something much nearer to him than your Canadian or Australian. We in Ireland recognize our common citizenship of the British Empire; we know our own motherland, our own nation—one nation still, no doubt, as Lord Killanin said, divided against itself. The purpose of our lives is to obliterate that division. Will the Archbishop of York and his fair-minded citizens deny that it has been again and again the interest of a party in Great Britain to accentuate and maintain the cleavage? Will they deny that to-day the Unionist Party, and still more the Unionist Press, are endeavoring to magnify and to foment the symptoms of division in Ireland?

Finally, we are told that even those of the fair-minded citizens who are vaguely for Home Rule in some shape do not like this Bill. For my own part, I like it, because it establishes in practice the principle of self-government with continued representation in the Imperial Parliament, but leaves the way open for a readjustment of details after experience of working. Most of the effective criticism has been directed against the financial provisions, which are essentially provisional. This however is by the way. The important question to put to the fair-minded citizens is this: If they

do not like the Government's scheme, since there is an Irish problem, what solution do they propose?

Federation? That means Home Rule. What are they going to say to their friends in Ulster? For if it be true that the Nationalist Party has influenced Liberal Policy, it is equally true that the Ulster Party, small though it be in numbers, has steered the Unionists like a rigid rudder. Who doubts, for instance, but that they brought the conference of 1910 to wreck? Parties in Ireland are stable and permanent; they do not fluctuate after the English fashion, and thus they acquire undue predominance in the Imperial Parliament. You must deal with the Irish problem. Will you attempt to settle it as the Government propose, in harmony with the will of the Irish majority? Can you hope to settle it in harmony with the will of the minority, on the basis of "We will not have Home Rule?"

The ascendency party to-day relies on the hereditary House. It has always relied on anything rather than on the electorate, and only the other day Mr. Bonar Law hinted at an attempt to drag in the Crown. For this he was rebuked by the *Spectator;* but after all he had followed historic precedents. The ascendency party used the Crown to defeat Lord Fitzwilliam's mission in 1795, and their action led straight to the Rebellion of 1798. After 1800 they used the Crown to annul Pitt's pledges to Irish Catholics, and only after thirty years was justice conceded under the threat of civil war. Is the House of Lords to make it clear that no argument from Ireland will weigh with it but that menace? It inclines favorably to the threats from Unionist Ulster; will it, so far as in it lie, drive Great Britain to a choice between threats from four counties of Ireland and threats from twenty-eight?

Frankly, if the peers had their old power, I believe that is how they would use it. But we are in presence of a new situation. The utmost that the House of Lords can effect is to prolong, by nine or ten months, the chances of defeating this Bill by an overthrow of the Government. There is no use in talking about the possibility of a General Election deliberately sought by the Government. Mr. Asquith would tear up the Parliament Act if he consented to such a course. If it cannot be brought into play now, and in this matter, no case can ever arise when its use would be justified.[2] What then remains? Ample and fruitful possibility of settlement in the next session. The Nationalist Party refuses to consent to the mutilation of Ireland; that is definitive. It refuses to consent to curtailment of the powers necessary to an Irish Parliament and executive. But our real desire for conciliation has been shown, for instance, in our dealings with Dublin University.[3] Again, we accepted an amendment substituting proportional representation for the "block vote" in Dublin, Cork, and Belfast, on the express ground that Protestant Unionists of Leinster and Munster could thus ensure to themselves, if they chose, from five to seven seats—being the equivalent of a party of twenty to thirty in the Imperial Parliament. This was done though Mr. Redmond expressed his dislike of the proportional method, which nevertheless a good many of us were glad to see ap-

[2] I must refer to the "Quarterly Review" of October 1912 for Tory acceptance of the unpleasant fact that the Parliament Bill with Home Rule as its first application was unmistakably before the electorate in December 1910.

[3] The result of those dealings is that the progressive academic party in Trinity College, men alive to the value of a legislature with time and inclination to handle Irish matters, blame us bitterly because we have left the Irish Parliament hampered in its power to legislate for the needs of academic efficiency.

plied in the choice of the popular chamber. But there was by no means the same desire for its application to the recruitment of the Senate; and here, surely, there is an opening for negotiation. Let it be remembered that in case of a deadlock the two Houses will vote together, and the addition of forty votes in a joint assembly of 200 is no light matter; indeed, judging by the power which is attributed to Ireland's future representation of forty-two in a House of 670, the imported element should be decisive. Now I do not believe that there is any special sanction from Irish opinion for a popularly elected Senate, and, at all events, speaking for myself, I would just as soon recognize in some degree even the hereditary principle. For the sake of bringing back into Irish public life representatives of the old Irish landlord families, whether Milesian, Anglo-Norman, or of the plantations, I would gladly let the Irish peers elect from their own number half of the Irish Senate. That would give them in a joint sitting twenty votes in a House of 200—the equivalent of eighty in the House of Commons. Even if this particular proposal were unacceptable, I am certain that the desire which prompts it is generally felt in Nationalist Ireland, and in that desire lies the hope of a settlement.

What is the alternative to a settlement? Sooner or later the Second Chamber has to be reconstructed; the relation between the two Houses must be reshaped. If the Parliament Act has once operated not simply *per terrorem*—if a Bill has been passed into law, line for line as it left the Commons, over the bellies (to borrow the energetic French expression) of their lordships, will they not enter that inevitable future negotiation with a position irreparably impaired? If the Act has been a threat, and only a threat, if all actual legislation has had their consent, has borne their imprint, will they not be far stronger to assert their claims?

Apart altogether from the interest here involved, surely any statesman who is not dominated by a prejudice would sooner, if there must be Home Rule for Ireland, see it bear the stamp of a treaty than not. But is there any such statesman in authority with the House of Lords? In such a juncture men ought to realize what is in their blood—what is in the blood of their leaders. Who leads Unionism to-day in the House of Commons? The son of an Ulster-bred Presbyterian minister, in whom all the fears of Protestant Ulster find an echo, who thrills to every bang of the Belfast drums. Protestant Canada with its racial antagonism, the Glasgow markets with their religious antipathies, have helped to mould the mind which is called upon to deal with issues where men should hold the balance so finely. In the Upper House, in that assembly with which the next move rests, the leader is a great Irish landlord, representative of a class which has been hurt in its pocket, bruised in its pride, by the revolution of the last thirty years. The Lansdowne family have always been absentees, of the type that can thank God it is not extortionate, unjust, or even as that rack-renter. Yet Lord Lansdowne was in the land war, and in the thick of it. Who now remembers that Mr. William O'Brien, unregenerate, went to Canada when Lord Lansdowne was Viceroy, there to denounce Lord Lansdowne's dealings with his Irish tenants? Who now remembers that Lord Lansdowne has not forgotten? Other landlords who were in as fierce a fight have been reconciled—but they were residents, they were Irish; the Lansdowne family have, least of all men, been modified by their Irish associations. Thomas

Moore and Maria Edgeworth were favored guests at Bowood, but they left no trace on the Whig amalgam. A Whig absentee landlord, with memories of affront and loss stored coldly in his bosom, to lead the Lords, while an Ulster Presbyterian leads the Commons; it is a sinister combination. Those who declare the necessity for Ireland of an impartial Parliament, before which contending passions may plead out their case, should look well to see whether the tribunal does not carry in its breast the seed of those same passions; whether the English party, which claims so lofty a detachment from our bickerings, does not take its guidance, where it is most strongly entrenched, from those before whom neither the Irish Roman Catholic, nor the Irish peasant, can come with assurance of an unprejudiced hearing. The debate of February gave an opportunity for dispassioned statesmanship to make its voice faintly heard; June will bring the opportunity, and the only opportunity, for statesmanlike action.

Let me sum up, as it appears to me, the situation for Conservative statesmanship. There is a double problem, consisting of Ireland's continued demand for self-government coupled with the overcrowding of business at Westminster—a problem rendered more urgent by the demoralization of Parliament resulting from the presence of a party which subordinates all ends to one, and indirectly imposes its own methods on the whole assembly. The Unionist Party, deeply divided on vital issues, and chiefly held together by its opposition to the Irish demand, cannot attempt any possible solution of the problem without destroying itself in the attempt. The solution therefore must come from the Liberal Party, and a scheme which Ireland accepts is before the House of Lords. It cannot be seriously contended that the electorate dislike the idea of Home Rule which, whether by a true or false analogy, the example of South Africa has commended to it. Nor has discussion of the details of the Bill in a period of nine months caused any revulsion. The guillotine—originally introduced by the Tory Party to help the passage of a perpetual Coercion Act for Ireland—has no doubt hampered criticism, but the Press and platform were free. Nothing has perceptibly affected the public mind except a threat of rebellion to which responsible English statesmen have given sympathy and encouragement. It is obvious that if Home Rule were defeated by such means the Irish problem, instead of being solved, would become more acute and dangerous. If it is not defeated, if the King goes to open a Parliament in Dublin, as we are entitled to hope, what will be the position of Conservative statesmen towards the Crown, which has presumably some claim on their allegiance? What will be their attitude towards Unionist Ulster if Unionist Ulster institutes a policy of religious proscription? Catholic workmen were driven out of the shipyards last July in Belfast; they are still excluded from one yard; many men were injured, and all this was done with impunity. Now a Presbyterian minister, Dr. Madill, writes to the Belfast *Northern Whig*, suggesting a general dismissal of all Roman Catholic employees as a means of defeating Home Rule. This is a method more likely to be adopted than the Quixotic course of armed rebellion, and for such methods the sympathy and encouragement of Conservative statesmen will be demanded. Will that redound to the credit of the House of Lords? And, finally, what will be said throughout the Empire of an Imperial Chamber which, seeing the almost inevitable approach of this great change and having the chance

to mould and alleviate its asperities, preferred to camp itself in sullen opposition, consistently, narrowly, and bitterly partisan?

The Nineteenth Century and After. *Stephen Gwynn.*

EMOTIONS IN STONE.

It is not in all moods that I love our northern Gothic cathedrals. Their majesty indeed always appeals to me. I never enter Westminster Abbey, for instance—I never even view it from the outside—without being deeply impressed, but the impression is sometimes a disquieting, often almost a painful, one. Pillars and arches reach heavenward. The whole mass of stonework climbs to dim, divine heights; but it does so at the cost of ceaseless stress, almost unbearable effort. Doubtless this is an expression of one part of the spirit of Christianity and is altogether right in a Christian church. "Strait is the gate. Narrow is the way. Strive to enter in." The crucifix, which is the consecrated type of the agony of all lofty spiritual life, is fittingly placed in these buildings. They, with their straining aisles and laboring buttresses, express the ceaseless effort of the life modelled on "The Imitation of Christ," the life which finds its inspiration in the cross itself. It is inevitable that there should be times in which it seems too terrible a thing to live under the shadow of such emotion, moods in which the superb stress of such high calling is intolerable. We look to Christ to give us some other message as well as this.

There is also a feeling—I have experienced it when standing in the nave of Notre Dame—that demons are lurking in the shadows. I am sure that the men who built these great temples felt this. Their gargoyles were not mere grotesques, untimely outbreaks of an irrepressible comic spirit. They were images of genuine terror. They represented haunting devils, the Peor and Baalim of Milton's poem, the spirits of the old detestable deities who found their place in the theology of St. Athanasius, with whom St. Anthony fought desperate battles in their last strongholds. I do not like being demon-haunted. I cannot but believe in them; but I should wish rather to worship in bright sunlit spaces where there is no fear of grinning monsters with iron claws leaping at me out of shadows. I am not Albert Dürer's knight. I cannot ride on unmoved while grim horrors dog my steps.

But chiefly, I think, I am repelled at times from these buildings because they oppress me. I am continually conscious of some vast power which overwhelms me. The little, lambent flamings of the human spirit in me are smothered. The utter insignificance of my own feelings and hopes is brought home to me very painfully. "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live and is full of misery." So they preach and I cannot answer them.

Very different is the spirit of another great church which stands far south on the banks of the Tagus estuary. Manoel the Fortunate built Belem Abbey on the spot, so they say, where he stood month after month watching for the returning sails of Vasco da Gama's ships. They did return, as we know, from that most romantic of all human voyages. On a sudden the whole boundless wealth of the gorgeous East lay open to Portuguese adventurers who should pour their wealth into Manoel's kingdom. We buy round-the-world tickets at Cook's office and have vulgarized Jersualem itself with our cheap trippery. It is hard

for us to realize what Vasco da Gama's voyage meant to the waiting king. I realized it, as I never did from books, when I gazed at the wild adventurous tracery of the arches and cloisters at Belem. Here is the work of heroes made almost mad by the prospect of unimaginable achievements. Here the spirit of man leaps up. Nothing is impossible. Even to build a tower whose top shall reach unto heaven is no vain dream. "Go to, let us make brick," and what shall stop us? Prince Henry the Navigator pored over quaint charts and wrestled with the mathematics of voyaging. Mariner after mariner forced his way, each a little further than his predecessor, down the African coast, and returned beaten. The strange dream of joining hands with Prester John and making a circle of Christian steel round the empire of the Mussulman still possessed men's souls. Then Vasco da Gama did something far more wonderful, opened the gates of fairy land, and Portugal went drunk with sheer excitement. Belem is the expression of the frenzy. Bacchanals built it. And we who look at it to-day are lifted up. We are "a little lower than the angels." Hardly at all lower. "I have said ye are gods. Ye are all children of the highest."

It is a far cry from Belem Abbey to the Pantheon in Rome. To me this is far the most fascinating of all the Roman churches. St. Peter's revolts me. I stand not appalled but disgusted at the pretentiousness of its vast spaces. Michael Angelo may have planned the dome; but if he did, he planned neither for the glory of God nor the glory of humanity. A millionaire might employ a Michael Angelo to-day, if there were one, to design a motor-car for him, and the result, the emotional result, would be the same. This church is the achievement of ostentatious wealth, and Mammon is "the least erect of spirits that fell."

Nor have I felt myself stirred to any noble emotion by the gilt roof and heavy splendor of the church of Santa Maria Maggiore. Its present appearance is the result, no doubt, of the Renaissance spirit of its restoration. But there were two sides to the Renaissance spirit. I can conceive a church, though I have never seen one, built by men like the grammarian, whose funeral Browning hymned. "Tussis attacked him." "Calculus racked him." But he labored on austerely, settling Hoti's business for him. He might have built a church in which to worship, though I cannot imagine what it would have looked like. But the bishop who ordered his tomb at St. Praxed's was also a child of the Renaissance, and he, I think, was the kind of man who gave the church of Santa Maria Maggiore its present form. He wanted when he died to lie where he could "hear the blessed mutter of the Mass." A church of his designing would not, I suppose, appeal to me much in any case. It makes no appeal at all when I remember that he did not even believe in his own masses; that he conceived of God as "made and eaten all day long" amid clouds of "stupefying incense smoke." Nor, in spite of Matthew Arnold, does that vast lonely church of St. Paul-without-the-Walls move me greatly. I feel its dignity; but it seems to be the dignity of some cold soul whom life's joys and sorrows have left untouched, some one who has not wept, nor laughed, nor loved, nor even hated, but has remained calmly impassive while life flowed by him. I can wonder at the dignity but I do not care for the company of such a man. It is no pleasure to me to linger in the vast aisles of the church which expresses his spirit.

The Pantheon is altogther different. There is an austerity in the simple circle of its walls which fascinates me in an extraordinary way. The eye,

wandering round and finding no fixed resting-place, no inevitable central shrine, rises slowly to the flat dome and the mind is filled with a sense of almost perfect calm. The men who built this temple had found, if not the peace which passeth all understanding, at least an inward strength which enabled them to face life and all that lies beyond with untroubled courage. It is possible now, even for us to whom their creeds and most of their philosophies are less than nothing, to stand for an hour or two watching the broad panel of sunlight steal slowly round the grey sides of the dome. So, silently, passes the irrevocable hour. So, surely, comes the darkness in the end. But the light, while we have it, reaches us, not stained with the purple falsehoods of colored glass, but straight from the sun itself. God, so they must have felt when they left that open space in their dome, should not be interpreted by any formula. At the beginning of the seventh century they turned this wonderful building into a Christian church, or tried to. It was Pope Boniface IV who placed the cross there and filled the Emperor Hadrian's sacred place with wagon loads of martyrs' bones. But what a foolish attempt that was! The facile philosopher to-day, seeing the Christian altar, the crucifix, the madonnas, finds his thrill of satisfaction in repeating the words of the Emperor Julian, "*Vicisti Galilaee.*" I lack the heart even to scold. It is so obvious that the Galilean has not conquered here. The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them are His. But this building remains aloof from His spirit. I imagine that when the sightseers are all gone and the great doors are locked, when the panel of sunlight has passed and the grey dome darkens utterly, that the old Pagan gods flit to and fro through the shadow, themselves dim shadows now. Apollo, Mercury, Venus, divinities with white graceful limbs, pass one another silently. They have wan, faint smiles on their faces. "He has not altogether conquered us," they whisper. "His cross is here indeed; but the walls and dome are ours and always will be."

The Duomo at Pisa also gives me the sense of calm, but it is calm of a different kind. It is peace. The builders of the Pantheon reached an untroubled atmosphere by way of courageous agnosticism. The Pisan cathedral is the work of Christians who attained peace through faith in the living God, and with peace, joy. There is no feeling of joy in the Pantheon. The Pisans built their cathedral after a great victory, and I suppose it was their triumph and the external peace which followed it, which filled them first with the sense of joy. But the emotion went much deeper. No signing of any treaty, no crowning victory over enemies could have induced the sense of peace which that most wonderful of all buildings expresses. The men who planned the vast clear space of the nave; who conceived the perfectly restful poise of the roof, who admitted the stream of sunshine from the rows of high-up, simple windows, had realized a peace and a joy beyond any which earth can give. Our Gothic cathedrals are eloquent of noble strife. Their builders were for ever reaching for an ideal not to be attained. This cathedral is an achievement. All that its designers wished to do they did. There is no beyond. Sitting in it, letting its rapturous peace lay hold on me, I feel, as nowhere else, the absolute felicity of the redeemed. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them nor any heat."

The same sense nearly, but not quite, comes from the cathedral of Orvieto. It rises from the clustering houses of a little town huddled together on a

small hill-top plateau. It is in close touch, so it seems, with the multitudinous cares and anxieties of common life. The Pisan cathedral stands aloof. The houses of the town seem to shrink back from it. There are no men with wine carts, no women with baskets of olives on their heads, jostling each other across the sunlit space on which it stands. It has no neighbors save its own proud Baptistery and exquisite bell tower. The cathedral at Orvieto has narrow streets near it. The noises of life assail its walls. I can imagine it thronged with human crowds on festivals. At Pisa there should never be human crowds. Only the lofty company of the spirits of just men made perfect ought to gather inside its walls. This emotional difference between the two buildings is partly due to their surroundings, but more, I think, to their architecture. Orvieto is in the Italian Gothic style. It is not, indeed, dominated by that sense of strife which makes the northern Gothic so terrible. But the feeling of strife is there, or, perhaps, only the feeling of trial which is hardly strife because the soul is always sustained by a power beyond its own. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me." In Pisa we have already learned to use that vale of Raca as a well. In Orvieto we pass through it, conscious of its barren stoniness, but more conscious of the rod and staff which are with us.

These great churches have one common characteristic. They all tower above life. Even those like Orvieto which are to some degree in touch with life, tower over it. Though touched by the spirit of our infirmities they belong to another city, not to any of ours, a city where infirmity is pitied, not shared. But there are churches, the little Sussex churches, for instance, which belong to the life of the people. The same hands which held the plough-handles built their walls. The homeliness of common life is theirs. The God in them is a Christian household god, very different indeed from the majestic deity of the great cathedrals. Among the famous shrines of Christendom there is only one—at least only one which I have seen—which shares with the Sussex churches the peculiar quality of being an actual part of the life of the men who dwell around it. The earliest impression which I had of St. Mark's in Venice was that it did not tower above the town. I saw it first, I remember, in the evening. Its gorgeous colors were not ablaze. It stood across the end of the Piazza, no loftier than the buildings on each side, overtopped by the Campanile, the highest domes very little higher than the Clock Tower on the left. It adjoins, without dwarfing, the Doge's Palace. The men who built this church built a house which they and God might inhabit together. They were not overwhelmed nor was their spirit daunted by their conception of divinity. Wonder was in their hearts, the wide-eyed wonder of men who beheld the pageant of life with all its glory. "The earth is the Lord's," they said, "and the fulness thereof," but no awe moved them. There was no sense of fear in their religion. They bowed their heads and, clad in long furred robes, they made their stately genuflexions. They were never beaten to their knees. They never grovelled in abject prostrations. They put no sackcloth on their loins nor ashes on their heads.

It seems strange to compare this wildly gorgeous building to the stunted grey churches of the Sussex countryside. Yet there is this single point of resemblance between them. They both grew out of life, the life of every day. But how widely different the lives were! The English farmer had his oxen, his cornfields and his homestead.

He built for the God he found in these. The Venetian "held the gorgeous East in fee." He built for the God he found in his Adriatic voyages, in the Eastern silk markets, in the sun-soaked caravans of Midianitish merchantmen. It is said that Venice, alone of Italian cities, looked eastwards. It was that vision which inspired the building of St. Mark's, and I find a curious note of sympathy between it and the Abbey of Belem, the one other great Western church whose builders dreamed of India and Araby the blest. There is the same kind of untamed romance in both buildings, the same lawless riot of the spirit of adventure. I find in St. Mark's much that is not in Belem. There is a splendor of color which King Manoel never imagined. He looked to exploit the East. The Venetians established a kinship with it, conquered it less than they absorbed it, and their church blazes with gold and coloring as Belem never did.

I feel, too, that the Venetians were never possessed by the great romantic idea of the Crusades. They made sound profit, hard gold and political advantage, out of the single-minded enthusiasm of simple northern knights. Therefore their towers and pinnacles do not reach heavenwards. only sunwards; and the great flagstaffs, from which the banner of the old Republic flew, had pride of place right against St. Mark's facade. Their God was no absolute monarch, infinitely remote from any worshipper. It is hard to say just where His house ends and the Palace of the Doges begins. He was not indeed—no true God could be—the petulant, emotional divinity of a democracy. He was the stately, heaven-born Doge of aristocratic Republicanism. All splendor and all wealth were due to Him; but not supreme, unquestioned, irresponsible sovereignty. Wander through St. Mark's, stand at gaze, sit in contemplation, even kneel in prayer, you never get the Hebrew feeling that the Lord is King. You never ask the Hebrew question—"What is man that Thou art mindful of him?"

It is highly characteristic of the men who made St. Mark's that they should have placed above the doors those four bronze horses which were shaped first for a Pagan emperor's triumphal arch. What have these to do with the Lord Jehovah? What connection is there between their arching pride and the spirit of the Galilean Prophet who was crucified in Jerusalem? But with the God of the Venetian Republic they were in full sympathy. The emotion of the men who placed them there survived until it found its final triumphant expression in the pictures of the great Venetian painters, most plainly, most typically of all in Tintoretto's "Crucifixion," where the cross itself and the figure on it are no more than a conventional episode in a splendid pageant of the *superbia vitæ*.

God at sundry times and in divers manners spake in times past, and men built churches to express the Word as they heard or beheld it. I wonder sometimes whether we, who have done so much in other ways, who surely feel after Him if haply we may find Him, will leave behind us in stone any record of the way in which we conceive of Him, any building which will tell our children's children what the everlasting gospel means to us.

George A. Birmingham.

The Cornhill Magazine.

HONESTY.

By M. E. Francis.

PART II.

CHAPTER XV.

Honesty's chief purpose on parting with her husband resembled that which had actuated her on the day when she had originally left him—to widen the distance between them as much as possible. But she had another intention, in walking at so rapid a pace and for so many hours—to fly from the sense of degradation which his words had evoked in her.

Bent by the weight of her basket, scarcely conscious of fatigue, she walked and walked, her pulses throbbing, her cheeks burning, a sob breaking from her now and then, as she rehearsed the grief and indignation with which she had received the tidings of her father's second marriage. She had no home now, no chance of ever making out a life for herself. "To do something for father" had been the faint hope which had sustained her during the recent miserable weeks, now her father had provided for himself without any reference to her; even her mother was forgotten: he had so little respect for the past as to establish himself next door to their former home.

There was enough of sorrow and regretful anger in this single fact to have occupied her thoughts, and she instinctively endeavored to concentrate them upon it; but down in her heart there was a deeper, wilder grief, a more complete despair, a fiercer anger—and something yet worse.

She felt actually defiled by the revelation of Zachary's surmise—that he, her husband once tenderly loved, and ardently loving, should have believed this of her!

She had felt his original taunt to be so deadly an affront as to make it impossible for her to live under the same roof with him—and now this outrage! To offer her forgiveness for guilt of which the very mention seemed to smirch her. Oh, it was unpardonable—incredible! That which had been even of late a kind of dim, shapeless horror seemed to wrap her round and drag her down. Could she ever hold up her head again since it was *Zachary* who had thought this evil thing of her?

Suddenly her strength failed her, and dropping under the shadow of the hedge she lay, shivering now, for anguish and not for cold, and without tears; a few dry leaves rustled over her head and the moisture which had gathered on the twigs dripped as the breeze shook them. Other moisture from the damp earth soaked into her clothes. By-and-by the thought came to her that perhaps she would die if she lay there—people sometimes died of cold and exposure—she felt herself incapable of crawling on another step. Perhaps God would have pity on her and take her out of a world in which nobody wanted her.

But presently she stirred uneasily and half raised herself on her elbow.

No, she must not die yet—she could not die with that wicked feeling in her heart. God was angry with people who would not forgive, and she could not forgive her husband. The mere memory of his words roused in her something that was almost like hatred, the keener because it recalled by force of contrast the depth of her former love, the entirety of her confidence.

She had sworn to love and honor him; since she could do neither, now, she must be wicked indeed; she dared not die and go before her Judge.

Feebly she rose to her feet and made a faltering step or two forward, then she stumbled again and sank down.

At the same moment she noted an

approaching rattle of wheels, and a small cart, drawn by a donkey, advanced towards her.

While she was cogitating as to the advisability of asking for a lift, the driver of the cart, an elderly white-whiskered man, halted, and descended from his seat.

"'Tis cold and damp for ye to be a-sittin' there," he remarked, "ye'd best get in and I'll take ye down-along my way. I be goin' to Shapwick—ye mid jist so well as not bide wi' me and my missus for to-night. It'll be dark afore long, an' 'tis blowin' up for a starm—no time for a young 'ooman same as you to be travellin'."

"Thank ye kindly," returned Honesty faintly; "'ees, I'll come. I may jist so well come as not."

"That's right," agreed the old fellow, heartily. "Now gie us your basket—'tis a bit too heavy for ye to be carrying so far—and in ye get. There's a bit o' straw here what'll be nice for your feet. Now then Beauty, on ye go."

This affectionate adjuration to the donkey was accompanied by the rattling of a tin can, upon hearing which the little animal broke into a hobbling gallop.

"'Tis a good notion, that," said his master, chuckling, as he replaced the can at the bottom of the cart. "This here little donkey is a regular good 'un to go when he do take the fancy, but Lord bless ye! 'tisn't easy to make him take the fancy. He don't care for sticks no more nor if they was feathers, and as for language—there, ye might holler till ye was black in the face wi'out him a-takin' no notice. My old 'ooman, she had a notion once he mid be encouraged by holdin' out a carrot, but he's sich a sensible little fellow he wouldn't go at all then. He was downright vexed at havin' the thing dangling under his nose and never bein' able to reach it, ye know. I'd 'low it 'ud annoy even a Christian to be tantalized with his victuals that way, wouldn't it? Ye'll grant that."

"'Ees," replied Honesty mechanically.

She only half-heeded what he said, but was well contented he should run on in this fashion without asking her embarrassing questions.

"Well, one day I chanced to make the little chap start forrard when I had thik can in the cart—I'd a-drunk my coffee, and lid weren't properly fastened, and it starts jingling, and Beauty, he regular leapt forward—so thinks I to myself, 'That's a notion!' and I do put a couple o' stones i' the can an' rattle 'em now when I do want to go on."

Honesty made no reply, and presently he continued:—

"He's been a long ways to-day, mind ye. I was a wonderin' how much further I'd have to go afore I'd come up to ye. A young 'ooman wi' a basket—'ees, that's how I did know ye."

She looked round now, with sharpened interest.

"You were lookin' for me?" she inquired. "What made you think o' lookin' for me?"

The old man chuckled again, and gave her an odd, keen glance.

"Well, ye see, Mrs. Shart," he returned, after a pause, "I did chance to come through Stourpaine and there was folks there talkin' about ye. It was thought a bit strange as ye should be trampin' the country this way, and there was them what did tell I it 'ud be a good job if I did chance to meet ye and could gie ye a lift."

She blushed faintly and turned away her head in silence. The pain of the deeper wound was so acute as to render this hint that she was the subject of village gossip a mere pinprick; yet nevertheless it stung.

She did not notice that her companion, still eyeing her askance, drew a breath of what seemed to be relief.

"I daresay ye could sell a few oddses

round about Shapwick," resumed he presently. "Ye mid bide a few days. 'Tis seldom a pedlar do come there, bein' so out of the way, ye see."

Honesty made no reply; she was feeling too much exhausted to formulate any plans, but she was dimly grateful for the old man's kindness.

He continued his babbling monologue, now addressing the donkey, and now herself; Honesty attending as vaguely to the one form of discourse as to the other, and losing little by her abstraction, for the only fact of any importance which thus transpired was the announcement that her new friend's name was Domoney.

It was quite dark by the time they arrived at the quaint old-world village in which his home was situated. The great trees which form so noticeable a feature of the place loomed majestically forth from the dusk; lights were flashing out from the cottage windows, and the open door of Mr. Domoney's own house revealed a fire-lit interior, against which a woman's figure, posted on the threshold, stood out tall and black.

"Well, there! 'Tis you at last. What i' the world ha' ye been a-doin' on, to be so late. I was afeared sommat had happened."

The cracked, querulous tones were presumably those of Mrs. Domoney.

"I be all right," returned her husband. "I did have to do a bit o' extra travellin'—I'll tell ye all about that. I've a-got a passenger here in my coach," he added with a nervous titter. "Beauty and me did have to go a bit out o' road to find her."

"What's that!" ejaculated the old woman, in surprise not unmixed with wrath. "Who is it?"

"I'll tell ye all about it in a minute," returned he; and Honesty, even in her dazed and anxious condition, could not help realizing that there was a world of meaning in his tone. "Us do lose nothin' by it, ye mid be sure. Bide a bit till I've time to talk to ye. This here young 'ooman is willin' to pay for bed and board—bain't ye, Mrs. Shart? She'll maybe stop two or three days. Let me help ye down, Mrs. Shart, and here's your basket and thik little bundle. Is that all right?—Now, wold woman, if ye'll just make Mrs. Shart a cup o' tea I'll put up Beauty and then us'll talk."

Honesty followed her hostess indoors and sat down wearily, the old woman surveying her with some disfavor as she loosened her packet and pushed back her hat.

"Ye do seem to ha' vamped a long ways," she remarked sourly. "I don't much hold wi' havin' travellin' folk about, but I'll hear what Domoney has to say afore we do settle anythin'."

She glanced at the basket and back again:—

"A pedlar, be ye?"

"'Ees," rejoined Honesty. Holding up her head with a movement of pride, she went on: "If ye can give me a cup o' tea and a bed for to-night, I'll move further on in the morning—if it wasn't so late I wouldn't trouble you now."

At this juncture the door, which Mrs. Domoney had closed on entering, creaked open, just sufficiently to admit of the passage of a hand with a beckoning finger.

As the old woman stared stolidly at it without making any movement in response to its summons, Mr. Domoney's voice added its own entreaty, in a stage whisper:—

"You step out here a minute, my dear. Don't ye go for to upset nobody wi'out a-hearin' what I've a-got to say. Ye jist come out-o'-door, and I'll show ye summat."

His wife obeyed unwillingly, throwing an apron over her head as an abortive protection against the cold. The ensuing colloquy took place at so short

a distance from the door that occasional phrases reached Honesty as she crouched in her chair by the fire.

"Well, there's no mistake about that, I d' 'low"—in the man's voice.

"Nay, the dibs is right enough, but I don't much fancy harborin' runaway hussies"—This came from the woman.

Her husband answered in a lower tone, and then the strident female one was heard again. "Let him come and fetch her then. Us haven't got no time for that sort o' work."

At this point old Domoney apparently forgot his caution, and his voice too was raised as he answered humbly:

"I didn't promise to write but the one letter."

Honesty sat upright, a burning spot of color on each pale cheek. She knew now who it was that had put old Domoney upon her track, and prompted his benevolent hospitality. It needed not the sight of the coins—which Mrs. Domoney presently laid casually on the narrow mantel-shelf, to assure her that this hospitality had been already paid for. Then the talk about the letter—she guessed what it meant: these people were to spy upon her movements and report to Zachary. Though she had cast him off and fled from him, he meant to keep her in his power still. She was to be beholden to him for the very bread she ate, even the bed she lay on.

But she would be as cunning as he. She counted the money on the chimney-piece; it should be returned to him through the postoffice; she would say nothing to her hosts, but would leave the house on the morrow before either of them was up.

This plan she carried into execution: and creeping away shortly after dawn on the following morning, duly despatched her postal order from the office at Branston, and thence proceeded by a carrier's cart to Wimborne, which was, as she considered, sufficiently out of her husband's beat to render it unlikely that he should follow her thither.

She remained some days in that neighborhood, for the despatching of that postal order had well-nigh drained her resources, and her profits were at all times so small that she had to tramp many weary miles before scraping up the price of board and lodging.

One evening when she was slowly limping back from an unusually prolonged circuit the sound of wheels attracted her attention, and turning she saw a vehicle of unusual size approaching.

She would have known the hoof-beats of the horse which drew it among a thousand, and dark though it was, the shape of the vehicle itself was unmistakable. The very swing of the single lantern which guided it was familiar, and she did not need to look twice to recognize the dim outline of the figure on the driver's seat.

It was the van—Zachary's van: he was on her track!

She flattened herself against the hedge, holding her breath, and hoping she might escape his notice, but for one cruel moment the flickering light swept over her, revealing the outlines of her crouching form, with the tell-tale basket protruding from her side.

Would he speak—would he check the horse?

No, the van went creaking on with the old, peculiar groaning of the wheels—Prince, if anything, accelerating his pace—and soon disappeared round the corner of the road.

She trudged on, biting her lip: she would have been angry if Zachary had paused, but the fact of his passing her by stabbed her.

Home and husband had come up to her—been close to her, and left her still a wandering outcast.

By-and-by as she walked on, stumbling more frequently than before, her burden intolerably heavy, a trap came

rapidly towards her from the opposite direction, and to her surprise halted beside her.

"Like a lift, missus?"

The driver was bending down from his seat, peering into the dusk in the endeavor to see her face.

As she paused, too much taken aback for the moment to be able to frame a reply, he continued quickly:—

"I be exercising this young horse, do ye see. It don't make no odds to me where I do drive, and you do seem mortal tired."

"How do you know I be tired," she retorted with fierce suspicion. "'Tisn't light enough to see, and ye don't know me anyways. I don't want no favors from strangers."

Rallying her strength she walked on more briskly, but the other kept abreast of her, making the horse proceed at a foot's pace.

"Ye'd best nip up beside me," he said, after a minute, persuasively. "'Tis too dark for a young woman to be vampin' the roads by herself. I'll whisk ye back to Wimbourne in no time. I wouldn't like to have it on my conscience to leave ye tramping along by yourself."

Honesty stopped short, and turned so as to face him.

"Look-see," she said, "you go back to them what sent you, and tell them to keep their money in their pockets, and leave me alone. I can look after myself. I do mean it," she added, with a fierce little tap of the foot."

"Well, well," rejoined the other, and then touching up the horse, which did not appear by any means in need of exercise, returned at a moderately brisk trot in the direction whence he had come.

Honesty stood still a moment longer.

"'Tis no use," she said, half aloud, and then heaved an impatient sigh.

She had done with Zachary, she was not going to change her mind, and the more he pestered her with these unwelcome tokens of his thought for her, the more hot was her resentment against him.

What right had he to be anxious about her—what business had he to endeavor to take care of her? She was nothing to him now. Why could he not let her alone?

CHAPTER XVI.

One September morning a little old woman was peeling potatoes at her kitchen table, when she was startled by a tap at the door. Desiring the visitor to enter, she peered up at her with eyes curiously bright under their white lashes.

The old woman was Mrs. Frizzle—the same whom Zachary had brought Honesty to see on the afternoon of their first outing, and it was Honesty herself who now paused falteringly before her.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Frizzle. "Who mid ye be, my dear? I don't seem to know ye."

"Do ye mind one day two year ago, Boxin' Day it was, as Mr. Zachary Shart did bring I here?" said Honesty. "My name was Cuff then, but him and me did get married soon after."

"Dear, to be sure! I be pure glad to see ye, Mrs. Shart," cried Mrs. Frizzle. "'Ees, I mind that day well. I mind your comin', and Mr. Shart bein' so took up wi' you. I never did see a man so took up wi' a maid in my life! There, when you was a kneelin' here on this very rug by the fire, makin' toast, he did look at ye as if he could fair eat ye up. And how is your dear husband now, my dear? Not far off, I'll be bound."

She paused to chuckle, resuming presently:—

"He'll be comin' here to pick ye up wi' the van, I should judge?"

"No," said Honesty: a sob rose in her throat, evoked by the memory

which the old woman's words had recalled. She set down her basket, and dropped into a chair, without waiting for an invitation.

"Ye do surprise me," said Mrs. Frizzle. "Come by train, have ye? Ah, ye'll be joinin' Mr. Shart this afternoon. I do take it very kind o' ye to come and see me."

"Mrs. Frizzle," said Honesty, mustering up all her courage, "I don't want to bide here a minute under false pretences. I be a-tryin' all I can to hide from my husband, and I do want ye to help me."

"To hide from your good husband!" echoed Mrs. Frizzle. "Why, whatever have ye bin a-doin' on?"

"Oh, I haven't done nothin' wrong," cried the girl quickly. "'Tis him as I can't forgive. I don't mean to say as *he's* done wrong neither—no, indeed! Zachary is good—there couldn't be a better man livin' than Zachary."

"Then why in the world have ye took again en?" asked Mrs. Frizzle.

"'Tisn't that neither. I——I——I did love him wi' all my heart—He should ha' believed that, but he suspected me, Mrs. Frizzle, he did think I was deceivin' him, and he—oh, I could never tell ye what he did make me suffer. For months and months he wouldn't scarcely speak—me knowin' all the time he was suspectin' me in his heart, but not darin' to say a word. And then, all at once, he come out wi' it—— He said what I can't never get over to my dyin' day. He—he——"

Her voice died away; she could not bring herself to speak of the supreme humiliation which had followed on Zachary's accusation.

The old woman clacked her tongue and gazed at her in compassionate bewilderment.

"That was in April," resumed Honesty presently; "I've been a-wanderin' about ever since, and he's been a-wanderin' about too, on my track. Once him and me did meet, and then——"

"Was he crule angry, love?" asked the other, as she again broke off.

"Angry? Oh, no! It's worse nor that! It's—it's worse nor ever now—it's me what can't forgive him. Oh, my heart's broke!"

She covered her face with her hands. Mrs. Frizzle clacked her tongue again.

"I did tell en," resumed Honesty, after a pause, "as I would never go back, but I don't seem able to get away from en."

"Persecute ye, do he?" asked the other.

"No, I can't say as he do do that. He don't speak nor yet seem to put hisself in my way, but wherever I do go, he do allus seem to keep near. So soon as I do come to a village—I be a pedlar now, you know, Mrs. Frizzle—his van's sure to be somewheres in the neighborhood. It do drive me wild!"

Her eyes flashed as she uttered this last exclamation; and Mrs. Frizzle, still apparently nonplussed, made no response.

After a moment or two Honesty went on: "I couldn't stand it any more. I made up my mind to go as far away from en as I could. I can't afford to go so very far, and all to once I thought o' you, and minded how you used to give tea and that to travellin' folks, and I wondered if ye'd take me for a lodger. I come by train, knowin' as he wouldn't trace me so easy that way. There was a furniture-van a-travellin' along the road—a strange furniture-van goin' back to Bourne—and I got a lift to Bourne, and took the train from there. Nobody 'ud take notice o' me at that big station—so I hope he'll not be able to find me now."

Mrs. Frizzle cleared her throat, and, taking up her knife, began to peel another potato.

"Now I've come so far I do hope you'll let I bide," said Honesty, tremblingly. "I do earn a little money

pretty reg'lar. I could pay for my keep, and I'll help ye wi' your work, and not give no trouble."

"There, my dear," rejoined the old woman, "I'm sure you'm welcome to bide. I'll do what I can for to make 'ee comfortable, and I'll be glad of your help—but speak the truth I must—I be pure sorry for poor Mr. Shart!"

"You blame me," faltered Honesty. "If you was to know everythin', I d' 'low you wouldn't think 'twas me was to blame."

"I'm not blamin' one nor t'other," returned Mrs. Frizzle, "I do but say as I be sorry for the poor man. There, to think o' en searchin' for 'ee up an' down, and bein' so anxious! I d' 'low 'twould be best if you was to let me send en a line to tell en you was here, and I was a-takin' care o' ye. I'll say, if ye like, he isn't to come here arter ye."

"Tell him if he does he'll drive me to go away again," exclaimed Honesty.

The angry sparkle had returned to her eyes, and her cheeks were burning.

"Very well, very well," agreed the other, submissively. "There, you take off your hat and make yourself at home, my dear. You can finish this 'ere little job if you do like, while I write that note to your husband."

While Honesty complied with her request Mrs. Frizzle fetched pen and paper, and laboriously indited her letter.

Presently it was finished, and Honesty herself, by her hostess's request, took it to the post.

Mrs. Frizzle received her with a groan on her return.

"Well, 'tis gone now, so you can make yourself happy," she said. "He'll not come lookin' for ye, arter what I did tell en on the letter, so I d' 'low ye'll be content."

Honesty sat down, resting her head on her hand.

"There, it do allus seem a strange thing to I," resumed Mrs. Frizzle, "to see married folks a-quarrellin' wi' each other, and tryin' to keep out o' each other's road. Poor Frizzle were a young man when he died, but I could never have enough o' his company when he were livin', and if the Lard had spared en till now I d' 'low it 'ould ha' been the same story. I loved en dear—and he loved me—that's the way married folks did ought to feel about each other."

The younger woman remained silent, still shading her eyes.

"I can't call to mind as we ever really quarrelled, neither," went on the other, after a reflective pause, during which she had sat rubbing her knees, her inward vision fixed on her far-away youth.

"Nay, nay, us did have a few words now and again, o' course, but the only time I was ever really vexed wi' en was the very week afore he died. There, my dear, I can't tell 'ee how often I've a-fretted over that since—me to spake so sharp to en, and him to go so soon. If I could ha' knowed!"

The keen old eyes were dim now, and she was silent for a moment, continuing presently:—

"I was a-makin' en a set o' shirts, ye know—four, all alike—I'd cut the first one very careful, and made en try it on, and I did cut the others by it. Well, I were jist about proud when the set was finished, and I did put one out for en to wear one Sunday marnin', and while we was to breakfast he says to me, suddent like: 'I don't know but what this 'ere shirt do catch I a bit across the chist—it do seem too narrer,' says he. Well, there, and I'd cut the whole set, thread for thread alike, wi' double fronts an' all hand-stitched. O' course if one was too narrer they all was, an' the stuff 'ud be breakin' in no time."

There was a perceptible note of indignation in her voice; even after all

these years the memory of that bygone wrong rankled.

"I let fly at en, then—I'll not deny it. 'Ye mid ha' said so before,' I told en; 'when ye did try on the first o' this set, ye did say as 'twas quite comfortable, and I did cut 'em all by this pattern.' 'Well,' says he, 'it did seem comfortable, but now,' he says, 'I don't believe it is. It do seem too narrer.' Then I did lose my temper altogether: 'Ye must be a sammy then,' says I."

For a moment, in spite of her own sadness, Honesty was disposed to laugh, but looking up she saw that the old woman's face was tragic; her voice, too, trembled as she went on:

"He jist looked at me, and he says, 'I didn't think ye'd say that,' and he got up from the table and went out. There, I can't tell ye how often I've a-thought o' them words all these years as he's been a-layin' in the churchyard, and I've been livin' 'ere by myself. 'I didn't think ye'd say that!' and the look he gied me—many and many's the time I've cried since, when I do call en to mind."

"But ye made friends before he died, didn't ye?" asked Honesty.

"'Ees, o' course us did make friends. I jumped up from my breakfast, and runned out arter en the very next minute. Us did kiss each other in the woodshed, and he did never say another word about it."

She sighed, and wiped her eyes, and Honesty sat looking at her, her own inward misery ever deepening, and mingled now for the first time with a sense of guilt.

As she helped her hostess to prepare the mid-day meal and to get her own little room ready, she half repented the impulse which had brought her to the place.

She had intended to escape from Zachary, and behold! Zachary's image haunted her. She seemed to see him seated in that elbow-chair whence on that bygone day he had watched her every movement. He had been thinking and planning then about that married life of theirs which was to end so tragically.

Everything about the place seemed to speak of him—the rag hearthrug on which she had knelt, as the old woman had reminded her, the toasting-fork which he had taken from her hand, the damaged teapot about which Mrs. Frizzle had related that characteristic anecdote—there it stood on the dresser shelf, the chipped spout plain to be seen.

"'Ees," said Mrs. Frizzle, "I've a-got my little teapot yet, and I do prize it. Do ye mind what Mr. Shart did say about it? That was allus his way; he did know how to vally what was good, but he didn't set no store on anything as wasn't perfect."

"'Ees, that was it," agreed Honesty bitterly. "If he hadn't a-had such notions him and me mid be together now. When he did find out I wasn't perfect he was ready to throw me away. 'Ees, he did think me fit for the rubbish-heap then," she continued in trembling tones; "he was ready to believe everything bad o' me."

"But didn't ye say he did offer to forgive ye?" put in Mrs. Frizzle; there was reproach in her voice which the girl was quick to resent.

"There, Mrs. Frizzle, it's no use talkin' about it. I could never make ye understand. There was nothin' to forgive—I'd like ye to know that. 'Twas just a bit o' foolishness what happened afore Zachary and me was married—I did keep it back from him, and when he did find out he did think it worse nor it was; he was ready to think I downright wicked—he *did* think I wicked."

"'Ees, my dear, but all I be a-sayin' is, he must ha' loved ye terr'ble dear to be willin' to overlook it, if he did fancy ye'd done wrong."

"'Tis just that what breaks my heart

—he did ought to ha' known me better —me what was his true wife and what loved him so."

She broke off, for her voice was quavering.

Mrs. Frizzle continued to gaze at her with a kind of compassionate reproach.

"When I do hear o' husbands an' wives a-fallin' out and a-hurtin' each other's feelin's, I be allus sorry," she remarked presently. "I do know very well how 'twill be one day—and who can say how soon that day mid come. 'Tis all very fine to say 'tis this one's fault or that one's fault—maybe one's right and maybe t'other. In my case I d' 'low 'twas nait'ral to feel aggrevated along o' them shirts bein' sp'iled, but 'tis poor comfort to think you was in the right when married life comes to an end. Ye can't think how often I've a-said to myself while I'm a-workin' about all alone: 'If Frizzle was to come a-walkin' in here, what wouldn't I do for en!' Don't ye think, my dear, I'd make en dozens of shirts?—I wouldn't think nothin' no trouble for en, and many a woman as I do know what hasn't had so good a husband as Frizzle 'ud be ready to wish en back and to forgive en all what he's ha' done amiss, when he's gone."

Honesty's back was turned to her now, and she did not speak. Presently the other went on:—

"To think o' him now—your husband, I mean; I'll go warrant his mind is fixed on you this minute and he's quite undone wonderin' what's become o' ye —and there's thik letter on the road a-tellin' him as ye don't want him to come arter ye nor yet to have nothin' to do wi' him. He'll get that i' the marnin'—he'll not have much heart for his breakfast, I d' 'low, nor yet to go about his work."

"Oh, Mrs. Frizzle!" cried Honesty, with a gasp. "Do 'ee let I alone. There, I can't bear it! Everything do seem to be all muddled up, and there's no way o' makin' it come right again."

She had not turned round, but Mrs. Frizzle saw her make a hasty movement with her hand as though to dash away her tears.

Times. (*To be continued.*)

FREDERI MISTRAL.

"I bring joyful news to you: a great poet has been born unto us. If the West brings forth no more poets, the South produces them still. There is might in the sun!

"He is a Homeric poet, cut out of one piece of marble like Deucalion's people; a Greek poet in Avignon. . . .

"We greet thee amongst the writers of those countries! Thou belongest to another climate and speakest another language, but thy climate, thy language, and thy heavens thou hast brought with thee. We do not ask whence thou comest and who thou art. *Tu Marcellus eris!*

"O poet from Maiano! Thou art aloes from Provence. In one day thou grewest into a giant; at five-and-twenty thou blossomest; thy poetic soul filled with fragrance Avignon, Arles, Marseilles, Toulon, Hyères, and the whole of France; but the fragrance of thy work will not be wafted away in a thousand years."

With such enthusiasm Lamartine greeted the epic poem *Mirèio* written by Mistral. The poet of sentiment and the keen critic understood that there had appeared an author whose name would pass to posterity, that his merits would be written with golden letters in the book of the rising literature of Provence, that he would rightly de-

serve the title given to him by his countrymen: the Homer of Provence.

. . . . . .

Half-way between the old towns of the Popes, Avignon, and the former capital of Provence, Arles, there is a village Maiano. In the greyish distance to the north one can see the snowy peaks of the Provençal Parnassus, Mont-Ventoux, while to the south there are squeezed in the valley of the Rhone and the stony walls of Crany the blue Alpines. There are plenty of Roman souvenirs there and the student of archæology and history finds at every step reminiscences of ancient times: columns and buildings which tell him that he is walking on classic ground. It is the country where after a long period of struggles and calamities the angel of song spread ont his wings first; here are those mountains from which spouted the spring of that refreshing stream, the waters of which were to flow throughout the whole of Europe. In that land which, besides the beauty of the glorious past, possesses also the charm of southern climate, was the cradle of Mistral. He was born in 1830 at Maiano, where in the sixteenth century his ancestors had purchased a small estate and devoted themselves entirely to the care of its fields and vineyards.

The years of Mistral's childhood were very idyllic, and he dreamed charmingly naïve dreams under the hot sky and on the banks of a brook overgrown with flowers.

"My father," says he, "married again when he was fifty-five years of age. He met my mother in the following way: On St. John's day Francés Mistral was on his fields surveying a handful of reapers. Many young girls followed them and picked the wheat-ears left by the rakes. Francés, my father, noticed a beautiful girl, who remained behind the others as if she were ashamed to glean. My father came to her and asked:

"'Whose daughter are you and what is your name?'

"'I am Etienne Poulinet's daughter, my name is Adelaide, sir.'

"'What, the Mayor of Maiano's daughter gleaning!'

"'We are a large family, sir; two girls and six boys. Our father, as you know, is well-to-do, but when we ask him for money to buy our frocks and other fineries with he answers: "If you wish to dress smartly, my dear children, earn the money." That's why I glean.'

"Six months after this meeting, that reminds one of the biblical scene between Ruth and Boaz, Francis asked Poulinet for Adelaide's hand and from that union I was born."

Mistral's father was a remarkable man: big-hearted and full of the serenity of mind that never left him; when his neighbors complained of wind, of snow, or of rain, he would answer simply: "The One who is above us knows better than we of what we need." The youthful poet had always before his eyes that noble, although modest figure of his father, for whom he built such a magnificent monument in "The Death of a Reaper" and in his great masterpiece *Mirèio*, where one can easily recognize Francés Mistral's noble portrait.

The good example set by Mistral's father was helped by his mother, who not only gave to her beloved son a religious education, but also, prompted by an unusual intuition, would draw his attention to the beauty of nature and, by narrating to him legends and traditions, by singing old, partly forgotten chivalrous songs, would nourish his imagination. If, therefore, in Mistral's work the figure of his father appears as if cast in bronze and reminds one of characters of old times, over the head of his mother there shines a halo of poetry full of southern charm.

That double influence of the parents

over the future master of the word, united with the free life of the country, had such an influence on his heart and character that his mother's exclamation: "O Lord, that child is not at all like the others!" was right, for when the poet was but eight years of age he already gave poetic clothing to legends that he had heard from his mother. Accustomed to a free wandering in fields and meadows, the boy did not fancy school; he would escape it under various pretexts so often that his father wishing to stop the loss of time sent him to a college in Avignon. There he spent many bitter moments, full of longing, till at last closer acquaintance with Homer and Virgil opened new worlds to the youth eager for knowledge. In the two classical writers he found many things that reminded him of his own country, penetrated so deeply their meaning, understood them so well, that he grafted classicism on the Provençal wild tree and caused his poetry to bloom. At the tender age of fourteen he translated Virgil into his native tongue, although he was not yet certain what direction he should follow. However, the tradition, the education, the love of his country, partly, also, the influence of surroundings, pushed him towards the Provençal language on the one hand; on the other, closer acquaintance with Victor Hugo, and especially with Lamartine, whom he admired much, showed him a rainbow of future fame, in case he should leave alone the language that was not understood by the people at large. That vacillation was superseded by a determination in favor of Provence by Mistral's acquaintance with Roumanille, and he wrote afterwards: "Devoured by the desire of perfecting our mother tongue, we studied together Provençal books and we determined to resuscitate the language according to its tradition and its national character; we accomplished our purpose helped by the good advice of our brothers, the masters of Félibrige." Those moments were full of struggle, but in the meanwhile they left plenty of pleasant reminiscences. After thirty years Mistral remembered with pleasure the time when first he listened to the reading of Roumanille's poetry, for it was he who showed to him the whole simple beauty of the Provençal language. At that moment they swore to each other friendship, and this was done under such a lucky star that for thirty years it was not broken. That close union of the two souls was not prevented even by separation. Mistral was obliged to pursue the higher education; he passed the examination and got a degree, but did not like the law and returned to the country—this time for good. His life spent in his province furnished the French critics with a weapon against Mistral: they said that he had no education whatever, that his whole originality was his unheard-of ignorance, and it was necessary that the pen of St. René-Taillandier should force the people to admit that Mistral was a great poet and to appreciate him. While living at Maiano, Mistral worked for seven years over his poem *Mirèio*, edited "The Provençals," and organized with Roumanille the Society of Félibres. Already then his great poetical gift was shown, especially in *Bonjour en t'outi* and in *Cant di Félibre*, in which he developed the programme of his future school. Since then Mistral's serious literary activity began and the volume of "The Calendar" contains many graceful poems, quaint ballades, witty narrations, and interesting articles. Most of his time, however, was given to *Mirèio*, which poem was going to make for the Provençal literature a place in the history of the world's masterpieces. Louis Legré and Adolphe Dumas induced the young poet to come to Paris, where they intro-

duced him to Lamartine, who recognized Mistral's unusual gift, and when in 1859 *Mirèio* was published, the author of "The Meditations" contributed much to its immediate success. Mistral knew how to be grateful, for his first poem of importance he dedicated to Lamartine.

In the meanwhile *Mirèio* met with an extraordinary success. Mistral went to Paris again. In Provence they were afraid that the poet's increasing fame would lead him astray, therefore Reboul, the people's poet from Nîmes, said in a toast during a banquet given in honor of Mistral, Roumanille and Aubanel: "I drink to *Mirèio*, the most beautiful mirror in which Provence looked at herself." There was in his speech a play of words which is impossible to render into English; the Provencal text reads thus: *Beve à Mirèio lou plus bèn mirau ounte jamai la Prouvènco se fugué miraiado.* "Mistral, you are going to Paris. Remember that in Paris the stairs are made of fragile glass. Do not forget your mother! Do not forget that you have created *Mirèio* in a country house, and this occurrence makes you great." The fact is that Mistral was obliged to undergo a hard struggle with himself. Paris was prostrated at his feet: Lamartine sounded his fame; famous men such as Alfred de Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, Laprade, Villemain, and others were competing for the friendship of that rustic poet; the Academy crowned *Mirèio*; the painters would get inspiration from it for their pictures; while the poets and composers would find in it motives for their operas and songs. It seemed that Mistral would give in to the temptation that lured him to become unfaithful to Provence and to remain in Paris, but it must be stated to his glory that he knew how to resist it. He was drawn away from Paris, as he afterwards stated, by her indifference to religion; consequently, notwithstanding brilliant propositions, he left the capital light-heartedly, and returned to his Maiano. "Those peasants here," he wrote then to Lamartine, "did not realize the meaning of the word 'fame,' for everything that is lying beyond the horizon of their fields and the scope of their notions is for them something nebulous. They felt, however, instinctively that there, far away, had happened something that brought fame to their country. Everybody who went with his wheat or his fruits to Arles, asked solicitously what was said about me in Paris. And should someone get good news, he made happy all his neighbors during the evening; reapers, peasants, girls would say among themselves, 'and who would have expected that that boy Frederi, whom we all know and to whom we speak as "thou," could write such beautiful things and all about us?'"

Mistral's increasing renown influenced much the creative faculties of other Félibres. In 1860, Aubanel published *La Miougrano entre-duberto*—"Opened Pomegranate"—a work full of sweetness and strength, of light and shadow, and of such feeling that hardly any other Provençal poet could compete with him. He was followed by Anselm Mathieu's *La Farandoulo*, a volume of capricious romances, while Mistral and Roumanille published poetry of Reboul, of Adolphe Dumas, and of Paul Gier under the collective title of *Liame de Rasin*—"A Bunch of Grapes." Those and other works opened the eyes of the antagonists of the Provençal language and encouraged the Félibres for further work. Roumanille was very happy indeed. "It was I," wrote he to his friend Duret, "who discovered our star in 1845 in Dupuy's college at Avignon, where for my sins I have been a professor and where to my consolation I had the youthful Frederick as a pupil. Yes, in that child I noticed an unusual talent and from

that time I did not lose him from my sight; I encouraged him and he participated in my work. And now tell me, have I not taken as good care of our great poet as a father does of his own child?" In that manner nobody was surprised that, when Félibrism was organized into a body, Mistral was elected *Capoulié* of the society during the floral games held at Apt. The poet was—one could say—born to be at the head of that organization. His views were broad, he saw the perils that threatened the Provençal school and strained his faculties to set them aside. Thus he gave a new spirit to Félibrism, and his ideal was the unity of all Roman races for the service of the beautiful, the true and the good. His efforts were crowned with success, for not only was he invited to Barcelona to be present at *joch florals*, when he met Damàs Calvet, Victor Balanguer, Louis Zorilla and Hyacint Verdaguera, but also the Spanish Félibres visited Saint-Remy, where they were present at the similar floral games conducted by Roumanille in his native town. That intercourse with Catalonia drew the attention of Parisian *literati*, journalists, a number of whom took part, for the first time in 1869, in floral games at Saint-Remy also; soon after there was started at Montpelier a society called *Société pour l'etude des langues romanes;* in he meanwhile it was proved that *lengo d'oc* is used by the inhabitants of thirty French departments. In 1874 Italy joined the literary union, and she was followed by Roumania in 1878, when her poet Vasil Alessandri received a prize during the floral games at Montpelier for his song *Latina Ginte.*

In face of such a success the Félibres have not neglected the religious side of their union; in 1895 they gathered in a large number at the foot of Mont-Victoire, where they erected a gigantic cross, in token of gratitude that Provence was spared from the Prussian invasion; a little later they built a chapel in Forcalquié in honor of the Blessed Virgin, whom they took for their patroness. While doing so much to arouse the national life and to make the people noble, the Félibres have not forgotten that they are troubadours, and that therefore their life should in a measure reverberate the life of their literary ancestors. Henceforth a chord of happiness resounds in Mistral's and his comrades' activity. He became acquainted with Alphonse Daudet, and with him, as well as with other famous authors, he spent many joyful moments, which he wittily described in "The Calendar." During excursions with his friends Mistral became familiar with his country, its people and their customs, by taking part in their festivals; in that manner he drew all hearts to him and to the Félibres. That kind of life was sometimes a little noisy; sometimes an elderly matron would become angry with these merry-making youths, but at such moments the poet would come to her and say solemnly: "Be quiet, mother! To us poets everything is permitted!" And should the woman still show signs of bad temper, he would disarm her by whispering into her ear: "Do you not know that we write psalms?"

In the meanwhile Mistral pursued his literary work, and it seemed that his energetic efforts for the development of Félibrism contributed much to the increasing of his creative faculty. Encouraged by the great success of *Mirèio*, he published in 1867 a new poem called *Calendau, pouèmo prouvençau;* it was greeted by Emile Deschamps in the following manner:—

"On disait que Mireille, en ce vaste univers
N'avait pas de rival au grand tournoi des vers;
Calendal parait et Mireille,
N'est plus la splendeur sans pareille."

Seven years later there appeared a volume of lyrical poems, *Lis Isclo d'Or*—"Golden Islands"—in the preface to which the poet says that the title was suggested to him by a group of solitary and rocky islands situated on the coast of Hyéres, and then he asks—and he is right—whether one could not call the golden islands of existence those few charming moments during which love, inspiration, and pain cause the poets to create?

In 1876 Mistral married Marie Rivière, who was then elected the queen of the floral games in Montpelier; in 1879 the Academy of Toulouse made him a member, which was a great honor, for, according to Louis XIV.'s decree, only writers in the French language can be elected by that institution. The next year a wreath was put on Mistral's bust on the occasion of the first performance of Gounod's opera *Mireille*. Such an appreciation was agreeable to the poet and encouraged him to work further, but nothing could cause him greater pleasure than the development of the Society of Félibres beyond the limits of Provence. In 1876 writers and artists who were born in the south of France but resided in Paris, started a society called *Société de la Cigale*, and three years later it was developed into *Société des Félibres de Paris*. Every year in May the members of this society gather in the Luxembourg Gardens, round Clemence Isaure's statue, and henceforth they proceed to Sceaux to the tomb of the poet Florian; it is at Sceaux that take place every year the floral games and love courts which attract thousands of those Parisians who are eager for refined sensations. In 1884 the Parisian Félibres determined to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the union of Provence with France, consequently Mistral was again obliged to go to Paris, where he was received by President Grévy and the Count de Paris with all honors; the French Academy took advantage of the opportunity and crowned his *Nerto*, while Victor Hugo, Alphonse Daudet, Sully-Prudhomme, Gounod, Cabanel, and many others presented him with an album containing their autographs. Naturally the news of the fresh triumphs of the admired poet in Paris reached Maiano, and the reception he received on his return home surpassed all others. The whole village was decorated, arches were erected, the bells of the churches announced to Provence the joyful news, white-robed girls threw flowers under his feet, and one could read in transparent letters the titles of Mistral's books: "*Mirèio, Calendau, Nerto.*" That sympathy was not limited to Paris and Provence; when next year Mistral visited Switzerland, his journey was a triumph; all foreigners of distinction that were spending the summer on the shores of Lake Leman, endeavored to show him their respect, while he remained modest and free as if he were not conscious of his importance.

Wishing to give the whole of his time to his great work, *Trésor dóu Félibrige*, he resigned the dignity of *Capoulié*. He worked eight hours a day during twenty years on that gigantic dictionary of the Provençal language; it was published by instalments between 1878 and 1888. In two big volumes there are gathered all the words of the Provençal, their derivation and synonyms, as well as corresponding words of other Roman languages. The great literary value of the dictionary consists of frequently interpolated proverbs, legends, fables, historical facts, which elucidate wonderfully the primitive significance of a given word. As formerly Roumanille, so now Mistral went to the people as the source of his studies of the language. "I met him once in Maguelone," wrote Goston Paris, "while he

was inquiring from the fishermen about various expressions used by them; he would touch a tool or a part of a boat and would say: 'We call this so and so, and what do you call it?' The fisherman would share with him joyfully their knowledge and he would make notes." Mistral's dictionary was received with great interest. The *Institute de France* awarded to the work Reynaudy's prize of 10,000 francs, while the Universities of Halle and of Bonn conferred upon the author the degree of honorary doctor.

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During the last years of his life even Mistral, who seemed to be born under a lucky star, was not free from disappointments. It is true that his poetical inspiration ran out, as testify the tragedy *La Rèino Jano*—"Queen Joan"—and the poem *Lou Pouèmo dou Rose*—"The Poem of the Rhone"—but he suffered on account of certain tendencies which spread amongst the Félibres. Mistral's great idea was to unite all Roman races on the field of art and study, while many Félibres introduced into that organization political quarrels and socialistic dissensions, by which they hampered quiet activity beneficial to the country. Then the quarrels passed on to the religious ground. Roumanille, Mistral, Aubanel, Lambert never hurt, or were capable of hurting, anybody's religious feeling, for they had faith, but there were some members who were lacking of religion and introduced disturbance into the ranks of the believing Félibres. Those were sad facts, for social and religious quarrels did not contribute to the growth of the Provençal organization. Mistral was obliged to make strenuous efforts to repair damage but did not always succeed, and the poet, although admired and respected, felt lonely. In 1883 he lost his beloved mother; three years later he was obliged to give up to the grave his friend Aubanel; in 1891 he took leave for ever of Roumanille, and he was yet in mourning for him when Anselm Mathieu and Alphonse Daudet died. Those were hard moments to live through, and the only consolation Mistral had was the thought that he had built for his friends monuments more durable than those of bronze, and that his work produced good results for it aroused the national spirit and conducted it into the land of the beautiful.

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Mistral is famous, and will be immortal above all on account of his three epic poems: *Mirèio*, *Calendau*, and *Nerto*. The theme of *Mirèio* is not new, for a similar story Goethe gave us in "Herman and Dorothea," Longfellow in "Evangeline," Fr. Weber in "Goliat," and Longus in "Daphne and Chloe," but none of those writers put so much enthusiastic love, that penetrates every detail of the work, as did Mistral. The story of pure but unhappy love is not the contents of the poem; it is only the thread that one can see throughout the whole work and round which there are grouped pictures, episodes, and the whole action. *Mirèio* is the whole Provence, her expressive and harmonious language; her sky, landscapes, customs, traditions; her warm hearts and mobile souls, in the same way as "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are the whole of Greece; as the "Divine Comedy" is the whole of Italy in the thirteenth century; as Camoëns' "Lusiad" is the whole of Portugal of John III. and the great Albuquerque; as "Pan Tadeusz" is the whole of Poland. *Mirèio* deserves entirely the success with which it met, for it is a great national work in which the Provençal meets on every page his most agreeable reminiscences, the most beautiful descriptions of his country, the whole of his life and of his activity.

Calendau is, one could say, a *pendant* to *Mirèio*; they complete each other.

As in *Mirèio*, the same in *Calendau*, Mistral wished to write a laudatory hymn in honor of his beloved Provence; in *Mirèio* he sings of the life of agriculturists, of vast fields, of green meadows, of scented vineyards; while in *Calendau* he glorifies the life of the artisan and the fisherman; the characteristic of *Mirèio* is delicacy, charm, and loveliness; that of *Calendau* strength, courage, and flight. Therefore in *Mirèio* dominate the heart and charm of sentiment, in *Calendau* the mind and depth of thought, and that is why *Mirèio* will remain for ever favorite reading for everyone, while *Calendau*—although the verse here is more vigorous and the language purer—will be read only by a handful of proud and freedom-loving men, by which reading their hearts will be lifted up and their minds strengthened.

Nerto was written twenty years after *Calendau*. A great many changes were accomplished during that time; Mistral was also changed: from a youth full of enthusiasm and aspirations he grew up a mature man, consequently his last poem has no more the feeling that characterizes *Mirèio* and *Calendau*, but instead it possesses better form and the action is developed more logically; its execution is very able and the characters are very original: *Nerto* herself is so ideally beautiful that other characters created by Mistral grow pale when compared to her; it would be impossible to characterize better the purity of mind of the maiden than those words spoken by her: "Nobody yet told me what flowers may mean," and when her lover speaks to her with passionate words, she replies to him that the *Breviari d'amor* teaches that true love must be pure like the blue of the sky and full of humility.

Such is Mistral's life and work. As a man he is good-hearted, manly, full of love for everything beautiful and noble. As a literary man he will remain a might that will last for ever, for the value of his work is everlasting; his thoughts are clear and the words express them faithfully, painting in the meanwhile such beautiful pictures that they are able to arouse enthusiasm and rapture. The same noble mind that was manifested in his life is marked on every page of his poetry. And although his works are not absolutely perfect, although love of the country made him commit mistakes, which as an artist and poet he should have avoided, those faults, however, almost disappear in presence of the fascinating beauty of his performance; therefore his memory as the greatest Provençal poet will live not only in his own country, but everywhere where pure hearts still love the beautiful and poetry. *Mirèio*, *Calendau*, *Nerto*, and *Lis Isclo d'Or* will assure to his name immortality.

Soissons.

The Fortnightly Review.

INDIA'S "UNTOUCHABLES."

I.

Not long ago, at Kohat, nestling on the border of Afghanistan, the two-year-old son of a well-to-do Hindu fell into a well. The cries of the panic-stricken ladies of the family attracted the attention of a man who was cleaning the street outside. He immediately rushed to the spot and volunteered to go down into the well and bring up the boy. Although no other male was within hearing, and no female was willing to jeopardize her life in the attempt to rescue the little fellow, the "sweep-

er" was not permitted to save the child, since, being "untouchable," his "touch" would pollute the water. By the time a man belonging to a higher caste could be brought to the scene of the accident, the poor boy was drowned.

This tragedy in a dramatic way calls attention to the fact that the term "untouchable,"[1] as applied to over 50,000,000 Indians, is in no sense merely euphemistic. This sad occurrence to be sure is an extreme example, showing the length to which the senseless prejudice against the pariah can be carried. But the fact remains that in matter-of-fact twentieth-century Hindustan, every day in the year, every one of these millions of human beings, in every part of the vast country, is prohibited from touching a "twice-born" (a Hindu belonging to the *Brahmin*, *Kshatriya*, or *Vaisha* castes, members of which wear the *yag-o-pveet*, or sacred thread); or even a *Shudra*, as he would defile the person of the "superior" being. A man who has been so polluted will be required to perform purificatory rites—take a complete bath, change all his clothes, and wash, or have washed, all the garments he wore when he was made "unclean" by coming into contact with one beneath him in the social scale. To-day there still are certain districts where the "untouchables" are not permitted to tread upon the high road frequented by their social "betters," or even let their shadows fall upon members of the higher castes, and where they must preserve a prescribed distance between themselves and the "twice-born." In the extreme south of India, where this prejudice is strongest, the rich Namburi is preceded by an attendant who warns the low-castes against contaminating his master. The old-time practice of requiring a pariah to make a noise —half-sob, half-bellow—as he walks along the road, in order to apprise any approaching *Brahmin* of his presence, thus giving him time to dodge away from the "unclean" shadow, is still kept up in some rural districts. While thus holding himself aloof, the pariah must bend double before the high-caste man as he passes, and respectfully say to him, "Lord, I fall at your feet," for he is not permitted to say "Ram, Ram," "Namaskar," or "Namasté," like other Hindus, when he meets or parts from his "superiors." The *Thuja* of Malabar, for instance, when he encounters a high-caste man, quickly snatches the cloth from about his shoulders, tucks it under his arm, and partly covers his mouth with the palm of his hand, to signify his humble attitude toward the wearer of the "sacred thread." The Malayan, still lower in the social scale, covers his mouth with both hands and cries out, "May you be successful," when he meets a *Brahmin*, cowering before the great personage as if in fear of his life. Even a comparatively wealthy "untouchable" must observe this rule when dealing with a coolie socially higher than himself.

In some parts of the land, the higher castes hurl the most revolting epithets at the pariahs. They call their homes "miserable sheds"; speak of their marriage sacrament as "drinking and dancing," term the bride "a new pariah woman," the bridegroom "a new pariah man," and their children "untouchable young ones." The poor wretches themselves are so sunk in degradation that they foist the most revolting names (not nicknames) on their children, such as "Barking Dog," "Frog," "Cat," "Dog," "Thorny Fish," "Earthworm," "Red Ant," "Beetle," "Centipede," or "Wild Dog." In some localities the

[1] These people are variously called "untouchables," "unapproachables," "panchamas," &c. The last-named term means the fifth (below Shudra) caste. Pariah really means one of the "untouchable" sub-castes, but it is commonly used by Indians and others as a name for "untouchables." The writer also has employed "low-caste" and "lowest caste" as synonyms for "unapproachable."—S. N. S.

"untouchables" may not own property, but are forced to live as tenants at will, and can be evicted at the whim of the landlord. Time was, not so very long ago, when, if the owner of the land sold or mortgaged his property, he also disposed of or pawned the pariahs living on it, sometimes pledging for a few shillings a human being who was compelled to bear an abominable name, such as is shouted at a liar, a thief, a drunkard, or a traitor, merely because of this business transaction in which the abused person had no voice. Until he was redeemed the man thus made over as security for a loan was the property of the usurer who had advanced money on him. In the interior, where British laws cannot be rigorously enforced, these conditions still prevail and the depressed classes live in actual slavery.

According to the custom of the "untouchable" agricultural laborers of the Madras Presidency, when the father dies the son voluntarily assumes his parent's debt. His own marriage, or the wedding of his children, which, on account of established usage, is a costly affair much beyond the means of the poor, adds to his obligations. The Shylock insists upon a high rate of interest, which is constantly accruing. Almost invariably the moneylender and the man on whose land the debtor toils and moils for his daily bread, is one and the same person. Thus the financial obligation virtually means to the pariah the fetters of a slave, for his employer dictates the rate of interest and the amount of wages he shall receive, and he sees to it that the debt is never cleared, thus keeping the man, his wife and family, chained to his service throughout their life-time, and even holding a lien upon their unborn offspring.

The "untouchables" of some districts still continue to cover their nakedness with leaves and twigs woven together, or wear very elementary clothes. The more conservative "twice-born" have grown so used to this order of things that they resent and obstruct the efforts of the pariahs, when, impelled by advancing civilization, they attempt to discard their aboriginal dress and affect the clothing of their superiors. In Mangalore, South Canara, a philanthropist offered to present a pound of rice to every Koragor[2] woman who would come to his door every Saturday with her breasts covered with a cloth, which he undertook to provide. The women seemed overjoyed at the prospect of thus easily securing food, and on the appointed day flocked to the reformer's house modestly clothed, according to the stipulation. But on their way home they were so severely beaten at the instigation of the members of the high castes for imitating their dress that they dared not make a second attempt to secure the rice in this way, and never again put in an appearance. In the same place, when a lad belonging to one of the low classes went out in the hot sun on a midsummer day, with an umbrella over his head, his sunshade was forcibly taken away from him, his clothes were torn from his back, and he was thrashed until he promised to get along in the future without this article so necessary in a tropical climate. A low-caste man was recently stoned in Madras because he affected better clothing than, according to the ideas of some of his "twice-born" townsmen, he had any right to wear. The pariahs themselves have become so depraved that they are willing to beat their own people for sixpence or a shilling, or even for a drink of *tadi* (an alcoholic liquor made by letting the sap of cocoanut trees ferment), at the bidding of high-caste Hindus, to prevent them from attempting to adopt civilized clothing, language, and modes of life.

[2] One of the low castes.

The average "untouchable" lives in a squalid, windowless little hut, made of palm leaves or mud, its single doorway usually so low that an adult must stoop to enter it, containing no furniture except a few crudely baked earthen pots, a brass or bronze pan or two, and some dirty cotton quilts or old blankets. Often there is no bedstead of any description, the whole family sleeping huddled up on the bare dirt floor, which, in conformity with Hindu custom, is very frequently plastered with cow-dung. A few rags cover their persons, and these are worn day and night and are seldom or never changed, being discarded only when they fall to pieces. The women are fond of trinkets made of brass and other base metals. Their meals are scanty and unpalatable, and often they are compelled to drink dirty pond water, since they are not permitted to go near the wells used by the higher castes, and cannot afford to have one for their own exclusive use. On account of the filthy conditions in which they live disease is rampant among them. According to the census of 1901, eighty-eight out of every hundred thousand people of the depressed classes are afflicted with leprosy, a percentage unequalled by any other Indian community. In the matter of education they are so woefully deficient that one rarely comes across a literate pariah. An extremely limited number of "untouchable" children of school-going age attend academies of learning, the percentage being only one in two hundred in the Bombay Presidency. The few who do seek to secure an education are constantly reminded of their degraded condition by boys and girls of the high castes. Even in Government institutions the "untouchables" are not permitted to sit on the same bench or carpet with the other pupils, nor can they drink out of the same cup. In some cases they are not allowed to enter the same classroom, but are compelled to remain on the verandah, while the others study inside.

In order to maintain their wretched existence, the "unapproachables" must work like cattle, for long hours, exposed to sun, cold and rain. Those who are not engaged in agriculture follow only such trades as are too abhorrent for the other Hindus to engage in. Some, for instance, must clean the streets and remove night-soil from the houses. Others must skin the carcases of dead animals, tan the hides, and make boots and shoes—all "untouchable" trades. These occupations are hereditary. Of late years some have had the courage to defy the caste canons and turn their faces away from the prescribed callings. These dissenters have taken up service in the households of Europeans, found work as factory hands, or qualified themselves to act as chauffeurs, mechanics, and engineers, while a few have established themselves as restaurant and hotel keepers. A small percentage of these men have improved their economic condition; and a few have become prosperous. Some of them have even become famous as holy men. But whether or not they may amass wealth, the cruel caste edicts in force ordain that, so long as they live, they never can be anything else than pariahs. Throughout their whole lives these poor people must bear the burden of social obloquy, and each child they bring into existence, in turn, must share in the heritage of shame, and bequeath it to its progeny.

In order to understand why such inhuman treatment has been meted out to millions of hapless humans who have done nothing to deserve it, and to their unborn children, one must study the history of the caste system. Since space will not permit an adequate treatment of this subject, suffice it to say that the present-day "untouch-

ables" are the descendants of the aboriginal Indians, and individuals among the Aryan conquerors who, for moral or social sins, were degraded to their level. Being of a hyper-exclusive nature, the high-caste Hindus (of more or less pure Aryan stock) never have assimilated the original natives of Hindustan, but have permitted them to form a substratum of society, strictly marked off by a line euphemistically called "touch." Thus it happens that though to-day the pariahs worship Hindu gods and goddesses, are split up into numerous sub-castes of their own, follow the Hindu practice of spreading a paste of cow-dung and earth upon their kitchen and dining-room floors, and only dine with such people as will not pollute them by their "touch" (fancy an "untouchable" being contaminated by another "unapproachable"), and would be insulted if you were to deny them the privilege of calling themselves Hindus, yet their high-caste co-religionists do not allow them to enter the sacred precincts of their temples, listen to the reading of the Vedas, draw water from the communal well, break bread with them, or practise any social amenities whatever.

Such another boycott has never been carried on in any part of the world. The worst of it is that it has continued to our day with unabated malignity. The political conquests of Islam and Christianity, which convulsed Hindustan, and the annexation of a large section of the Hindus by the apostles of Mahomet and Christ, have had such small effect upon it that in the second decade of the twentieth century over 50,000,000 human beings exist in the most awful conditions.

II.

During recent years, however, the high-caste Hindu has increasingly shown signs that he can no longer watch with equanimity the proselytizing of pariahs by Christian missionaries; and Protestant Hindu communities have been slowly rising to check the stream of "untouchables" from flowing into Christendon. Chronologically speaking, the Brahmos were the first to engage in the raising of the "unapproachables." Keshab Chander Sen, the great leader of this Protestant Hindu faith, commenced an agitation for practical reform in 1870, and following his first address in Bombay, in the same year, night schools were established by the Prarthana Samaj in that city for the children of the "untouchables." Twenty-one years later, at Byculla, a suburb of Bombay, another such school was founded by a private philanthropist. In 1897, a Brahmo pleader, Mr. K. Ranga Rao, of Mangalore, South Canara, started out to better the condition of the *panchamas* of that district and persuade the Hindus to give up their prejudice against them. On October 18th, 1906, a Brahmo missionary, the Rev. V. R. Shindé, established an organization under the name of "The Depressed Classes Mission Society of India," in Bombay. During the seven years that have passed since its foundation this society has spread its branches far and wide in various parts of the Peninsula, and has come to be regarded as unquestionably the best effort put forward by non-Christian India to create an interest in the welfare of the low-castes and improve their condition. Its activities are many-sided. The parent body, at Bombay, for instance, maintains several schools, a boarding-house, a bookbindery, a shoe factory, and a mission. The workers visit the homes of the poor pariahs and endeavor to persuade the parents to send their children to school; attempt to teach them the necessity of cleanliness of body, clothes, and home; arrange for a doctor to visit those who are ill; nurse them in their homes free of charge, or help them to get into

some charitable hospital; visit the tenements and conduct regular home classes for grown women, who are taught reading, writing, and sewing; and read from the Hindu Scriptures passages calculated to inspire them with higher ideals.

While the Brahmo Samaj took up this propaganda work in Bengal and Southern India, the Arya Samaj—another Protestant Hindu faith—began to wage war against the ill-treatment of the *panchamas* in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, and the Punjab. The Arya Samaj is not free from the taint of caste consciousness, but believes that a man, by engaging in different professions, and possessing various virtues and temperaments, qualifies himself for one of the four castes, instead of being *born* to it. Thus, one who has the ability and the aptitude for religious work automatically becomes a *Brahmin*. Anyone who enters the army and takes an intense interest in military matters is a *Kshatriya*. He who plies a trade through choice or necessity is a *Vaisha;* while those who are content to do menial work are *Shudras*. The Arya Samajists claim that these four divisions of caste were originally made on the basis of work, and not of birth, and they support this argument by quoting many texts from the various Hindu Scriptures. They also cite chapter and verse to prove that in the old times "unapproachables" were permitted to become "twice-born." With such views, it is natural for this sect to set its face against Hindu society's practice of condemning millions of its members to be everlastingly "untouchable," just because of the mere accident of birth. Being a heterodox body which knows the utility of employing the orthodox methods wherever (and as far as) possible, the Arya Samajists are resorting to a ruse whose significance only those who understand the psychology of the Hindu can grasp. This scheme is to make "untouchables" touchable by investing them with the characteristic mark of the "twice-born," whose insignia of superiority is the *yag-o-pveet*—the sacred thread. The first important step in this direction was taken at Lahore, when, about thirteen years ago, fifty families belonging to the *Rahtias*—a pariah caste—were formally "purified," the long hair of the males being shaved off, all but a small tuft on the crown of the head (the distinguishing mark of a Hindu), and the "sacred thread" being placed upon their bodies, in the presence of the sacred fire, to the accompaniment of the chanting of *mantrams* and the music of Indian instruments. Following this, the erstwhile "untouchables" distributed sweetmeats to the high-caste Hindus in attendance, who ate them as a token that they considered the social stigma had been utterly removed from the low-caste men by the ceremony that had been performed. Indeed, some of the Aryas even went so far as to go to the homes of the newly raised pariahs to eat food that had been cooked by the "untouchable" women of the family, who were considered purified because their male relatives had been invested with the "sacred thread." This was a bold step, and caused a great commotion at the time of its occurrence. But the Arya Samaj has persevered in its efforts in this direction, and during the last decade has uplifted thousands of people belonging to the depressed classes. The strange part of it is that it has come to pass that the orthodox Hindus in some localities are gradually ceasing to ill-treat the "purified" *panchamas*, but look on them as their brothers in the faith, and no longer regard them as "untouchable." The Samaj is supplementing this work by carrying on a propaganda to fit the lowly ones to occupy their new position in society by educating them. A school

is maintained at Sialkote, where young "unapproachable" boys are taught to be responsible men, and arrangements are being made to start other similar institutions.

The British conquest of the Punjab and the establishment of modern schools and colleges led the intelligent among the Sikhs to realize that, compared with their forefathers, and in view of the teaching of the Gurus, they were a degenerate race. Since the greatest factor which dragged the Khalsa down from its pedestal was its reversion to caste, the leaders of the community began to wage war against the octopus of the caste system. It was natural, therefore, that the awakened Sikhs should address themselves to the task of freeing their "untouchables" from the taint of uncleanliness. However, this propaganda remained inactive until the Arya Samajists "purified" the *Rahtias*, to which ceremony reference has already been made. These men were Sikhs, and the Arya Samaj, by shearing their long locks, filched them from the Khalsa. This gave such umbrage to the soldier sect that it set out to remove the anomaly of having "untouchable" men and women within its pale.

Some of the enlightened Indian rulers are helping to push the propaganda of uplifting the pariahs. Prominent amongst these chiefs is his Highness Shri Sir Sayaji Rao III., Gaekwar, Maharaja of Baroda. Besides inviting the attention of the Hindus to the solution of the problem by means of lectures and pamphlets, he has inaugurated a special and effective system of education for the benefit of his "unapproachable" subjects of school-going age. A network of academies has been established exclusively for the pariah children of the State of Baroda, in all parts of the territory, so that the boys and girls of the depressed classes may obtain education without having their self-respect injured. In some of the centres boarding-houses are maintained for the accommodation of *panchama* children. His Highness has imported from the Punjab Pundit Atma Ram, an Arya Samajist, whose heart and soul are in the work, and has placed him in charge of these institutions. The Maharaja has also interested himself in training low-caste men and women to be teachers, and has the whole-hearted co-operation in this effort of Nandanath K. Dikshit, formerly a scholar of King's College, London, the Principal of the Male Training College at Baroda, who has shown great moral courage in choosing to remain a social outcast, following on a trip to Europe, rather than submit to purificatory penances, which include the eating of solid and liquid bovine *excreta*. His Highness Sri Mulam Sir Rama Varma, the ruler of Travancore, has gone to the length of permitting the "untouchables" to send a member of their community to represent them in the Legislative Assembly of his State, and by doing so has won the approbation and admiration of every high-thinking Indian.

III.

With this great alteration in the high-caste Hindu's attitude toward his base-born co-religionist has come a corresponding change in the *panchamas* themselves. For many generations contented to be treated with contempt, without showing any spirit of wounded pride, they are evincing unmistakable signs that they are no longer willing to put up with the ignominious treatment that has been bestowed upon them in the past. A few years back there was a serious outbreak of "untouchables" at Tinnevelly, in Southern India, the sole object of which was to secure for themselves access to Hindu temples and social equality with the "twice-born." Half-a-dozen years ago another disturbance among the *Esuvas* of Trav-

ancore, directed against the members of the higher classes, had the same aim. Indeed, the *Eswas* and *Shanars* frequently let their so-called "superiors" know, in no uncertain terms, that they do not propose to abide by the arbitrary Brahminical dictum in regard to what they shall and shall not do. It is not at all an unheard-of thing, in these days, to find the literate, and even the illiterate, men of low castes openly defying the traditions that have held them down for so many centuries, by walking on prohibited roads, and in other ways showing a rebellious spirit toward their "betters." At a fair held recently at Jullundur, in the Punjab, the *Bhangis*—who are street-cleaners and removers of night soil, the lowest among the pariahs—had a booth labelled: "This shop is exclusively for 'untouchables.' No 'touchable' will be served." This fine sarcasm, used for the first time in the history of Hindustan, made a significant impression upon all who visited the bazaar.

The wide-awake among the pariahs are realizing that if they wish the high-castes to respect them, they must cast off their ignorance, superstition, and evil habits, and develop their moral and spiritual natures. The "sweepers" have shown their progressiveness by holding a meeting at which the leaders spoke disparagingly of those of their community who were ruining themselves by drunkenness, and sought to induce their auditors to promise to be total abstainers from alcoholic drinks, and to spread the gospel of temperance amongst their caste-men.

Not long ago, two thousand *mahars* —another group of "untouchables"— gathered in Bombay and unanimously resolved: That the girls of their families should not be married before they reached the age of puberty, while the boys should not be allowed to wed unless they were able to earn enough money to support their wives and themselves; that parents or guardians should not demand or receive dowries; that they should abstain from liquor and all allied intoxicants; that they should see to it that their children were properly educated, asking Government aid for elementary education, where such a step was necessary; that they should not spend an amount of money beyond their means on marriages and other functions; that they should start co-operative credit societies; and that they should live on terms of friendship with others, forgetting all caste differences. "Untouchables" have recently memorialized the Government to set apart for their community official appointments, so that the prize may stimulate the rising generations to greater educational activity. They have also prayed for more and better scholastic opportunities.

The low-caste community of Satara, in the Bombay Presidency, held, on January 16th, 1911, an educational conference, entirely planned, organized, and financed by themselves. The "sweepers" of this city have established a co-operative bank, managed by a committee of "untouchables" aided by a few high-caste reformers, which has paid off the obligations of these unfortunate people, debts which previously absorbed three-fourths of their pay every month, the total amounting to over five hundred rupees. There is a balance of two hundred rupees in the bank to their credit. Its establishment has resulted in a pronounced abstinence from intoxicants by the majority of the low-caste people. Some time ago a society was formed at Calicut by some *Mukkuvas*, who are fishermen by caste, and rank as *panchamas* in the social scale. This was named the Sri Jnanodaya Samaj, and has for its object the bettering of the moral and material conditions of their fellow men. Work is especially being done to reduce the drink habit and to do away with

unnecessary marriage expenses. A co-operative benefit society has been formed, and night schools established. The *Sats* and *Mals*, pariahs of Bengal, have recently held meetings to form an association for their mutual benefit. They have voted not to indulge in liquor daily, and not to use it in excessive quantities on festive occasions, and have recast their rules about the marriage of widows. They have agreed that anyone who fails to abide by the new regulations shall be visited with social ostracism.

Thus progressive ideas are permeating the "untouchables" and "touchables," presaging that, in course of time, the most rigid and crushing social barbarity in existence shall be done away with, conducing to the growth and happiness of many millions of human beings who to-day are labelled and treated as "unapproachables."

Saint Nihal Singh.

Contemporary Review.

TASTING LIFE.

II.

The bank-book was all right,—at least, so far as the balance was concerned,—and it had been made up within a few days. I was not allowed to take it into my hands, but I could not help observing its curiously virginal and inexperienced look. The white vellum cover seemed unsmirched, and the entries were few. I doubted somehow whether the book had ever had a predecessor.

Well, after all, nobody is born with a bank-book. My new employer did not seem to me clever enough to be a maid who had murdered her mistress, and that was the only suspicion that seriously occurred to me. It may seem strange that I did not ask a few direct questions. I can only say that to do so would have been to rob the situation of what interest it possessed. Besides, lying is so easy! And I felt instinctively that, ask as I might, she would not tell me the things that I wanted to know.

I think I understood that evening what many a woman less fortunate than myself—and many a man, too, for that matter—must have felt when she or he stood committed to the great irrevocable step of life. It seemed to me that I had acted on an impulse that was simply insane. All sorts of wild plans for getting out of the bargain passed through my mind, but of course I knew quite well that there was nothing for it now but to play the game. I pictured myself saying in the airiest way, "Of course we must both provide a satisfactory reference before we start," but, when the moment for speaking came, I saw the look of blank disappointment return to her face, and my tongue was tied.

Of course I refused to live at Monte Carlo. That would have been too absurdly extravagant. Mentone was near enough, and at Mentone one can attain some approximation to luxury at a very moderate cost. But before settling we went to Nice for a bout of shopping. On one point my foot was down. The day of the little pink bow was over.

Most people will agree that dress can make a great difference in the appearance of the ordinary human being. I frankly confess that until those days at Nice I had no conception how great the difference might be. A change in the coiffure, a few simple smart gowns, and Miss Vavasour—yes, I had to come to it at last!—Miss Vavasour was a different being. As regards dress, she had evidently lived all her life under

the shadow of a dreary tradition. The idea of breaking free had never crossed her mind. Prices that were only reasonable struck her as fabulous, and it required all my powers of persuasion to induce her to experiment. But the experiment once made, her delight in herself was a pleasure to behold. The difficulty now was to hold her in: I was forced, without loss of time, to resort to the curb.

Well, to her credit be it said that she bore with me admirably. Indeed, from the moment our bargain was struck she attached herself to me with a dog-like docility and loyalty that were as pathetic as they were often irritating. "What it is," she said that first night at Nice, "to have somebody *belonging* to one!" And although that was a way of describing our mutual relationship that caused me some uneasiness, I could not but be touched.

I suppose it happens but seldom in life that people who lay themselves out simply to have a good time succeed in having it. If so, for the first few weeks of our partnership, we were an exception to the rule. The sun shone, the bands played, the moonlight broke on the water, the *cuisine* more than satisfied our moderate requirements, and we got the very rooms our fancy pictured. In a word, the world seemed full of pleasant things and pleasant people, and every fibre of my little companion's being seemed to respond. What a transmuting agent is joy! Like youth, it beautifies all alike, whereas age and sorrow refine and glorify only the elect.

For my own part, it was a real pleasure to find myself playing the part of Providence in so admirable and efficient a fashion. Whether my companion's past had been good or bad, in a moral and conventional sense, I knew not: in any case it had obviously been grey as gloom, and I—I was letting in the light. In peevish moments I had often quoted Omar Khayyam:—

"Ah Love, could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits—and then,
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?"

Now, as regarded one tiny human thing, I had my chance.

After all, we did nothing so very outrageous. There was no need. We spent a great deal of our time at Monte Carlo, sometimes in the Casino, more often in the grounds, enjoying that wonderful exposure, that terraced cliff thrown out to all the glory of the sun, treasured up, as it is, and thrown lovingly back from the wide blue Mediterranean.

"I do feel so *good* here," my companion said naïvely one day. "There is no color like yellow, and the yellow of the mimosa is *so pure* against the blue. Do you know—if I were given my choice whether I would wake up to-morrow morning in Heaven or here, —I am not sure that I should choose Heaven?"

I laughed outright. "I am very sure what both of us would choose." And then I wondered at my own certainty, and the familiar black veil crept over sea and sky. Was I for myself so very sure?

"In fact," she continued happily, "if it weren't for the wicked people about—not to speak of one's own troublesome Conscience—this is very much my idea of Heaven. What do you think?"

"It would answer admirably in many respects," I said, "but I have an uneasy suspicion that the real thing will be on quite a different plane from this."

"Oh, don't be horrid!" she entreated piteously, so I refrained. But I must have been in a "horrid" mood that morning, for presently I resumed, greatly daring—

"Is Friend Conscience more aggressive than usual, then, to-day?"

"Oh dear, no! Why should it be? Come, we ought to be talking French."

This was a neat and graceful way of ruling Conscience out of Court, for, naturally, moral questions came easier to both of us in our mother tongue. But my companion flattered herself—and me—greatly on the progress she was making in French. When we met in the morning one or other would say in heavy British fashion, "*Avez-vous bien dormi?*". And the other would respond in like manner, "*Merci; assez bien.*" And so on at intervals throughout the day.

We soon came to the end of our tether, however, and Miss Vavasour suggested a move to the tables.

On the whole she had luck when she played, and she struck me as showing considerable self-control. She said she knew when the luck was against her, and she almost always stopped in time. It may have been all nonsense, but I admit I was impressed. I was relieved, too, to think that the balance in the bank-book was not melting away as quickly as it would otherwise have done, for I had an uncomfortable feeling that it might not readily be replenished by other means. You can't murder your mistress every day, and, personally, I was not worth murdering.

She had greater luck than usual that morning, and we lunched at the *Restaurante de Paris*, and drank iced Rœderer, and saw all life in a very rosy light. The concert afterwards was one of the events of the Riviera season. Ye gods, what music it was! "I had no idea," said my friend, "that classical music could be so good."

Yes, I have often thought on looking back that our experiment reached its zenith of success that afternoon. There were subsequent days on which Miss Vavasour professed to have enjoyed herself more; but that day there was no need to profess—she simply glowed.

I suppose I ought to have been alive to the first insidious change, but, as a matter of fact, she studied my moods a great deal more closely than I studied hers. She was always trying to please me, poor little soul: for her own part, she was—or seemed to be—so easily pleased that I could afford to be my natural self, amiable or grumpy just as the case might be. So my awakening was sudden,—an awakening indeed it was in more senses than one.

I had been suffering from one of the minor trials of life,—the snoring of my next-door neighbor in a jerry-built hotel. The offender was a delightful old general by day, but for seven hours out of the twenty-four he might as well have been a rag-and-bone man so far as I was concerned. In vain I had put cotton-wool in my ears, and striven to rise into the region of pure philosophy,—it was of no avail. Night after night I was awakened between twelve and one by that subdued roar, night after night I lay there martyred, till at last, regardless of the convenience of electric-light fittings, I was obliged to have my bed moved to the other side of the room.

After two or three nights of blissful sleep, I awoke once more at the hour I had learnt to dread, my ears, from sheer habit, all on the *qui vive* for the accustomed sound. But it was no comfortable snoring that now disturbed my repose. Some woman was crying as if her heart would break.

Startled, I sat up in bed, unable at first to be sure of where I was or what was happening, but a few seconds were sufficient to clear my brain. Miss Vavasour's bed was separated from mine only by the thickness of the wall, and, to judge from the sounds, Miss Vavasour's heart was breaking!

My first impulse was to knock on the wall and ask what was the matter, but, fortunately, the folly of that course occurred to me pretty speedily.

My sense of mystery in connection with my companion—a sense which intimate companionship had somewhat blunted—returned now with renewed force. I remembered the futility of repeated tactful and strategic attempts to break down her defence, and I knew one does not readily reveal one's life-secret through the lath-and-plaster partition of a big hotel. If I could have crept in upon her without warning, I might perhaps have surprised her confidence, but I knew she was always careful to lock her door. So I switched on the light, plied the pillows behind me, and attempted to review the situation.

My first instinctive feeling was one of chagrin. I had done my best to make the little soul happy, and this was the result. For this I had shattered the sorry scheme of her life to bits. I wonder whether Providence—the real big Providence—feels at all like that with the rest of us when everything in reason has been done to make us happy.

But, if I had made a poor business of it in the capacity of providence, my performance as a detective was even more depressing. An onlooker would have said that my companion lived with me in perfect confidence, and so I believe she did as regarded the present; but, simple soul though she seemed, she had dropped an impenetrable veil before and behind, and my eyes searched in vain for any chink of light. She received few letters, and when she spoke of them, I gathered as a rule that they came from one or other of our fellow-boarders at Cannes. She never referred to "my brother," "my sister," "my aunt," "an old school friend": to judge from her conversation, hers might have been one of those cases of lost memory of which one reads in the newspapers.

Of course I made this reserve comparatively easy to her by my pronounced disinclination to talk of my own private affairs. There are divers people of my acquaintance with whom she would have been "sair pit to it" to keep up her defence.

Meanwhile the sobbing continued, till I felt that something must be done. The night air struck chill as I stepped on to the floor, and I felt that a good wood-fire was essential to any confidence worthy of the name. However, there was nothing for it but to try her door, and then to knock.

The sobbing ceased in a moment, but I had knocked several times before there was any reply.

"What is it?" came at last in a choked, gloomy voice.

"Let me in!"

"What for?"

"*Let me in!*"

She opened the door an inch or two, but I could only see the gleam of her white gown.

"Do let me in, dear," I said. "You are in trouble."

"*I'm not!*"

"But, my dear girl, you were crying."

"Nonsense," she said. "You've been dreaming—or perhaps it was someone in the room on the other side."

Now, really, was it likely?—the old general!

By next morning, however, my friend had realized that even a fictionist must work within limitations. She was still in bed when I went to her room.

"Did you come to my door last night?" she said, "or did I dream it? Really? Perhaps I *was* crying in my sleep. I had horrid dreams, and to-day I have a racking headache." Clearly she did not wish to take me into her confidence, and, if this was the case, I could think of no reason why she should.

From that morning it needed no great penetration to see that she was restless.

Metaphorically I shouldered my knapsack and waited for marching orders. But they did not take the form I had anticipated.

"I wonder," she said one day, "whether I shall ever see Rome?"

I smiled. "The old, old longing! St. Paul said something the same, did he not?—from a very different motive; and Tannhäuser from another motive still; and——"

"But really."

"Why not? It is a mere question of £, s. d., and not too much of that. I stayed at a convent there once where the *pension* was not half what you are paying now."

In a moment she was like a child again. "A convent!" she cried; "but you are a Protestant!"

"*N'importe.*"

"Do you mean to say they would take us in?—*me?*"

"Why not?"

"And they wouldn't try to convert us?"

"Dear me, no!"

"Nor make us go to confession?"

"My dear friend, such privileges as that don't go a-begging."

She looked at me, puzzled. "*Privileges,*" she repeated, then hastily passed on. "And we should see nothing to shock us?"

"Oh, that's another thing!"

Her face beamed. "How delightful!" she cried. "Let's go to-morrow!"

We did go, and, of all the sights in Rome, the convent impressed her the most. "I feel as if I were in the power of the Inquisition," she said delightedly. "It gives me cold shivers down my spine."

She enjoyed the barbaric splendor of the churches, but declined to be enthusiastic over the Colosseum or the Forum. "It's awfully nice to have seen them, of course, but I don't think masonry appeals to me when it is broken. If the coloring were different, or the atmosphere, or something, it might be all right."

"You think they could do it better at Earl's Court?"

"Well, frankly, that is the idea." She joined in the laugh against herself. She was becoming astonishingly civilized.

Oddly enough, it was in Rome that the *contretemps* occurred that I had been expecting all along. We fell in with old acquaintances of mine, too intimate to be dismissed with a smile and a word of greeting. They took possession of us, more or less, for the few days of their stay, and I had to say something—approximately true—in explanation of our companionship. But I took the opportunity to say it when the men of the party were out of hearing, and I was alone with my girlhood's friend.

"She seems amiable," was the somewhat guarded response,—"dresses nicely."

"Yes," I agreed, "if she wouldn't spoil herself with that floppy scarf. She has taken to wearing it in season and out of season."

"Is it out of season? To tell the truth, I thought she had very good reason for wearing that scarf. My only ground for surprise was that she was not also wearing a wedding-ring."

If a bomb had fallen between us, I could not have been more taken aback. The words gave me a sense of physical shock that was acutely distressing.

"How absurd!" I said, but I heard the words shake like a reed in the wind. "I *know* you are mistaken."

This was one of the lies that one simply has to leave to the Recording Angel. They are past human aid the moment they leave one's lips.

"Well, be on your guard, that's all."

I was on my guard—to the extent of lying awake all that night, but Miss Vavasour was as light-hearted as a lark in the morning, and I felt sure my old friend must have made a mistake.

Miss Vavasour had changed very much, no doubt. She had filled out, in face and figure, and I wondered now that she had ever struck me as expressionless. She had become what is known in Scotland as "a personable woman." That was all.

But, once awakened, my anxiety refused really to sleep. Surely—after all—there was something amiss. Not that I allowed myself to share my friend's suspicion for a moment. I knew too well the classic cases of innocent high-bred women who had gone to their graves, the victims of wrongly-diagnosed disease and "well-founded suspicion." If anything was wrong, we ought to have surgical advice. I resolved to watch for a fortnight, and then, if need seemed, to speak.

It was rather a relief when my friends moved on to Naples and we were a twosome once more. I hoped I had done with old acquaintances for the present. Strangely enough, it never crossed my mind that Miss Vavasour might be the one to encounter friends on our travels. Such an event was improbable on the face of things; but one day, when we had gone out avowedly to *flâner*, I became aware of a man who was looking at us fixedly. His face wore an expression of intense excitement and surprise, and I felt sure he would have spoken to my companion if she had given him the smallest encouragement.

"Someone seems to claim your acquaintance," I said.

"Who? Really? I didn't see him."

Her face was red, and it flushed more deeply as she realized the mistake she had made in committing herself to the pronoun. I felt that she was trying the Recording Angel too far, but I had made up my mind to wait for a fortnight, and wait I would, unless circumstances actually forced me to speak.

My habit of sleep, having once been broken, was not too readily restored, and I willingly succumbed to the national custom of the siesta, which in my case sometimes prolonged itself till late in the afternoon.

One day, however, worrying thoughts took hold of me the moment I lay down, and I looked about for some book that would help me—in the fine phrase of my old French governess—to "change my mind." The familiar volumes that shared my journeyings were scarcely suitable for the purpose, so I went to Miss Vavasour's room to see what she could do. I knew she carried about with her a few stock novels on which she fell back when the chances of travel failed to provide anything more appetizing.

She was not in her room, though she had gone there after lunch with the professed intention of sleeping; but I scarcely gave her absence a thought. I knew she was probably sitting in a corner of the convent chapel, enjoying the cold shivers down her spine as she watched the nuns cross themselves and genuflect and pass from one to another the mystic drop of holy water. At that very moment she was probably toying delightedly with the dread that she might be sucked against her will into the vortex of Roman Catholicism.

"Lorna Doone." That would do. I had not read it for years; but, as I lay on my couch that warm afternoon, the book began to exhale an atmosphere of stale tobacco and honest working hands that was more than I could endure. It must have belonged to some cheap book club. I turned to the inside of the cover and read the label:—

Circulating Library,
STEPHEN JENKINS,
New and Secondhand Bookseller, Bradlinton.

What an odd expression,—"New and Secondhand Bookseller"! Of course I must often have met with it before, but

that day it made a special dint on my mind as something fresh and ridiculous.

Stifling a yawn, I replaced the book where I had found it, washed my hands, and—longed for a cup of tea. My spirit-lamp stood ready, and the rest of the fit-out, but I wanted to say "*Hey presto!*" and see a dainty tray appear; so I put on my hat, hired a *vettura*—a cheap luxury in those days—and drove to the English Tea-Rooms in the Piazza di Spagna.

Early though it was, the room was pretty full, and it was a minute or two before I recognized, at a table some distance off, Miss Vavasour and the man who had striven to catch her eye in the street a few days before.

Her back was turned to me, and she seemed too much preoccupied to look round. He, of course, had no idea who I was, and I was glad of the opportunity to study him frankly.

He was not a gentleman—would not have called himself one for a moment. But his linen was clean, and the blue serge suit would have passed muster anywhere. He was ugly rather than handsome, and one would not have described his face as either good or bad. It was the face of a man who has tasted life freely as it came, and who has acquired some power of selection in the process.

"He has been a student at evening classes," I said to myself, "and has come abroad on a Polytechnic tour, or something of that kind. If we must have Labor Members, he would not make a bad one."

He was talking earnestly in a very low voice, and Miss Vavasour was listening in silence.

When I had finished tea I walked across to where they sat. "Won't you introduce me to your friend?" I said.

It was a *coup* that required a good deal of courage, but unfortunately it failed to come off. I should not have attempted it if I had known—what I now saw—that Miss Vavasour's eyes were bright with tears.

Her confusion was distressing. She rose. "Oh, it's—it's only an acquaintance in the way of business," she stammered, and she looked at him with such obvious dismissal that he had no choice but to go. He took his hat from the floor, saluted us both with a certain grave simplicity, and left the room.

We, too, were glad to find ourselves in the open air, but an attendant overtook us before we had gone a dozen yards. "The gentleman left a book."

Miss Vavasour seemed dazed, so I took in my hand what proved to be an English translation of "Herodotus."

"Oliver Crowe," was pencilled in a bold hand on the fly-leaf, and on the inside of the cover was the counterpart of the label I had seen in "Lorna Doone":—

Circulating Library,
STEPHEN JENKINS
New and Secondhand Bookseller, Bradlinton.

My companion's face was crimson. "I will take charge of the book," she said.

"But shall you see your—acquaintance again?"

"Not unless I meet him in the street."

"Do you know his address?"

"No."

"Then surely it is better to leave the book at the Tea-Rooms. That is where he will come to look for it."

She assented unwillingly, and, after leaving the book, we continued our homeward walk. I wondered which of us would be the first to say the word which would put an end to our companionship. As a matter of fact, we reached the convent before another syllable had been spoken.

"Will you come to my room?" I said, as we stood in the great vault-like corridor, "or shall I come to yours? I

suppose we must have a little talk."

"Oh, I am tired," she cried petulantly, "and my head is splitting. Can't it wait till after supper?"

And so it came about that, when we sat down to talk, we were both feeling rather flat. At least, I know I was. My fireworks had all fizzled away.

"Well," I said regretfully, "we have had some good times after all."

She dropped her hands in an odd spontaneous gesture. "What have I done?"

After all, what had she done? Little enough.

"I think you have forgotten the stipulation that you were to treat me with reasonable frankness."

"And so I have!" she exclaimed. "You haven't thought it necessary to explain to me who every man was who lifted his hat to you, or passed the time of the day."

"That's perfectly true," I admitted, "and you might add that it was you who were paying the piper. Still, I can't feel that the cases are quite on all fours. But why should we argue over this detail or that? The essential point is that you have got tired of our arrangement, and we had better bring it to an end. My man of business has been urging me to return to England——"

"Oh, if that's it?"

"No, that is not it, but that is a little bit of it, and taken with all the rest, it makes enough. The question is,—where am I to leave you?"

"Why not here?"

"I can't leave you here. The nuns have known me for years, and you came in my companionship——"

"I see," she finished bitterly. "You vouched for my—respectability."

"Well—I should be sorry to subject the sisters to any trouble or embarrassment."

"And why should I subject them to trouble or embarrassment?"

"That is what I want you to tell me. . . . My dear friend, has it not occurred to you that it might be wise to see a doctor?"

I thought her figure straightened—unconsciously to herself; but she looked at me with a surprise I could scarcely believe to be feigned.

"Why in the world should I see a doctor?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? I never was so well in my life."

And again, in defiance of my own senses, I was constrained to wonder whether the perspicacity of my old friend had not been at fault after all.

Neither of us attempted to pursue the delicate subject.

"We might go back to Cannes," I said at last. "Some of the people you knew would still be there, and I have no doubt you would find them as kind as ever."

She shook her whole figure—an odd little trick she had. "I would never go back there," she said. She was sitting in a low chair with her elbows on the arms, and she dropped her face in her hands now,—a picture of dejection.

"My dear girl," I said, "I do wish for your own sake you would speak frankly. You know I mean well by you, and you must have found out long ago that I am not at all the model kind of person to whom—one can't tell things."

Her answer came all too quickly. "There is nothing to tell," she said.

After that I resolved that she should be the first to speak, and we sat for a long time in silence.

At last she raised a white disfigured face. "After all, I should not care to stay in Rome with no one belonging to me," she said. "We might travel together as far as Paris. I was staying in a pokey little *pension* there before I came to Cannes."

A week later we were on our way across the Alps. The weather was bit-

terly cold, and we exchanged but few sentences throughout the long journey. I was in no actual anxiety about my own future, for recent reports from my man of business had been hopeful to the point of certainty,—but my heart was heavy enough at the best, now that the return to the old associations had really to be faced, and it was grievous to see how the light and youth had gone out of my companion's face.

Dusk was falling when we reached our destination,—a dingy *appartement* kept by two English maiden ladies. I was sufficiently familiar with the chances and changes of travel to be prepared for the depression caused by a removal from congenial surroundings to those that are simply the reverse. If I had not been prepared for it, the initiation would have been a severe one. The ladies had kept a school till it melted out of their hands: now the *pension* was following the fate of the school. Everything was threadbare, sordid, poverty-stricken,—the very antithesis of all that Paris means for most of us. Obviously our arrival was a godsend, and yet, from the very first hour, we were made to feel the pinprick of stingy exactions and limitations. After all, one could not but pity the poor souls. Needs must when the devil drives.

I had arranged to stay a couple of nights, and the time seemed interminable. Moreover, I did not feel at all sure that I should really get away when the moment arrived. If my companion decided to make a clean breast of it in the end—as I quite expected she would—who could tell what I might feel bound to do?

She was in bed when my cab was announced, and I went to see her for the last time.

"Good-bye," I said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Good-bye."

"This is an address that will always find me—I hate leaving you like this. Will you let me know if you want me?"

"Good-bye," she said again.

I had closed the door when she called my name, and I returned with a beating heart. What was to happen now?

"Yes?" I said.

"Nothing," was the reply. "I didn't call."

And so we parted.

Graham Travers.

Blackwood's Magazine.

(To be concluded.)

THE NEW PRESIDENT AND HIS PARTY.

The American Democrats have a great opportunity. For the first time in twenty years they are not only in office, but in power. The Presidency is theirs they are overwhelmingly strong in the House of Representatives, and they command a narrow, but, with loyalty and good management, an adequate majority in the Senate. The country has turned to them, not because it has any particular confidence in their programme or *personnel* or their political capacity, but because it has been disgusted with their opponents, and is in full revolt against the system that allowed the nation to be subordinated to and overridden by sectional interests. The American people want a Government that cannot be manipulated by bosses, manufacturers, and Wall Street. They failed to get it from Mr. Taft and the Republicans; they are hoping to be better served by Mr. Wilson and the Democrats. The best guarantee that they will not again be disappointed is

to be found in the character and intellect of the new President. Mr. Wilson's inaugural address showed once more that he is a man of vision and sensitiveness, of an alert and ardent temperament, and filled with an apostolic sense of the greatness of his mission. There are parts of it that read less like a political tract for the times than a summons to a new Crusade.

And in striking the note of a semi-religious fervor, we do not doubt that the President was correctly interpreting the mood of the majority of Americans. Perhaps they are expecting more from the Government than any Government can supply. But they have at least taken the precaution to install in the White House a man who has taken a sympathetic measure of their aspirations, and whose first official utterance reveals the substance of statesmanship as well as the fire of the evangelist. The American Presidency is a very human office. Its authority and prerogatives expand or contract according to the views and personality of its incumbent. In Mr. Wilson's case there is no possibility for doubt that he intends to make it the centre and inspiration of American politics. Both in his writings and as Governor of New Jersey, he has shown that high office to his mind is nothing if it is not an opportunity for positive leadership, for moulding, and not merely for following, public opinion. One may take it for granted that in Washington, as at Trenton, he will not content himself with bare recommendations of the measures he wishes to see passed, but will use all his personal force to secure their adoption.

A President of this stamp, a strong, clear-seeing man, with a grip on the confidence of the people, is the greatest asset that the Democrats could possess. In themselves, they are very far from being a united party. Their Southern wing, especially, is composed of high-tariff men and low-tariff men, Imperialists, and Anti-Imperialists, Radicals and Conservatives, who have hardly an opinion in common on any specific issue of current politics, and who profess allegiance to the Democratic Party, simply because that Party is supposed to be sound on the negro question. The same deep cleavage between Reactionaries and Progressives that last year tore the Republicans in twain exists in the Democratic ranks. It was self-evident at the time of the Baltimore Convention, when nobody, even up to the eleventh hour, could say for certain whether the Democrats would fight the election on Conservative or Radical lines; and while it was partially bridged over by the necessity of showing a united front at the polls, it declared itself again the moment that necessity had passed. It would be difficult, indeed, to name any large issue of either foreign or domestic policy on which the Democrats as a party are really in agreement. They have received, it is true, a clear "mandate" to reduce the tariff. But twenty years ago they received an equally clear mandate of identical purport; and everyone remembers how they failed to carry it out, and how Mr. Cleveland's Presidency was wrecked by the selfish obstinacy of the Democratic representatives of the industrial South. Moreover, even if that pitfall is avoided, there remains the huge stumbling-block of patronage. One talks of this and that great problem of public policy, of fiscal and currency reform, of Constitutional amendment, and so on; but, after all, what most engrosses a President's time, and what most engages the interest of Members of Congress, is the distribution of the spoils. After two decades of exclusion from office, the Democrats have returned in a hungry mood and the possibilities of a rupture between the President and his party leaders over

this thorniest of all administrative questions are, and must be, almost endless. Then, too, it must be remembered that the Democrats, during their twenty years in the wilderness, have chased many phantoms, have been betrayed into many excesses, and have had no opportunity of bringing their innumerable declarations of policy to the touchstone of reality. It is hardly too much to say that their real attitude towards the issues that President Wilson glanced at in his inaugural address is as much an enigma to themselves as to the world at large.

There are at least four of the most crucial questions that can confront a modern State which remain in America almost as unsettled to-day as they were three or four decades ago. Those questions are, first, the currency question; secondly, the banking question; thirdly, the fiscal question; and, fourthly, what is compendiously known as the question of the Trusts. On all of these problems there has been a certain advance of opinion in the last twenty or thirty years. But the broad fact remains that each one of them is, at this moment, about as far from a rational and final legislative adjustment as ever. Those who describe the American system of government as a gigantic conspiracy for doing nothing, can find all the justification they require in the past history and present state of these four issues. It is, in fact, an amazing paradox that the country in which business counts for most, should find itself, after all these years of experiment and discussion, saddled with the most childish currency system and the most antiquated and inadequate banking system on earth; should still be distracted by its efforts to provide a stable fiscal basis for its traders; and should so far have almost wholly failed to establish fixed and reasonable relations between the Constitution and the public interests on the one hand, and the railways and similar utilities and the requirements and developments of modern commerce on the other. Nothing could bring out more clearly the full magnitude of the contrast between the immensity of America's material progress and the paucity of her achievements in the sphere of constructive thought and statesmanship. Whether the Democrats, with their traditional propensity to empiricism, are the party to redress the balance may be doubted even by their warmest well-wishers. And it is still more doubtful whether, hampered at every turn by their devotion to States rights, they are prepared for that centralization of power which must precede the large social and economic and Constitutional experiments that the conditions of to-day demand. But the incoherency that is visible in the Democratic Councils, the absence of anything like a comprehensive policy of reform, and the pressure of personal and factional interests, only serve to throw into clearer relief the only authority who can speak with a really national voice, and whose policies and suggestions are inspired solely by a regard for the well-being of the country as a whole. There is a firmly grounded confidence, both in and out of America, in the quality of President Wilson's statesmanship and in his character and capacity as a man, a thinker, and a leader; and much of the interest of his Presidency will turn on the struggle in which he must inevitably engage to raise his followers to his own level. Nothing, as we began by saying, can well exaggerate the greatness of their opportunity. But their difficulties and their shortcomings are equally obvious. Whether they are to show themselves capable of rulership, or whether they are to duplicate the unhappy experiences of Mr. Cleveland's Administration, depends

in the main upon Mr. Wilson and the resources of mind and personality he is able to devote to the task of their education.

The Nation.

A SUFFRAGE COMEDIETTA.

She was going round selling *The Militant* and making converts, and she was shown in just as I was busy over the housekeeping books, after breakfast. She was young and pretty and tailor-built.

"I'm Maud Timmins," she began (she had a charming smile); "I daresay you've heard of me?"

"Yes," I said, "I think I have. But—are you *really* a Suff? I didn't know any of you were like *you!* I had a notion of *spectacles* and *goloshes*, you know, and a *forty-five-inch waist.*"

She laughed. "Oh, well, we have some dear devoted women who are perhaps a little in that way. But, for making converts, we find we must employ youth and charm and brightness; that's why I want *you!*"

"It's awfully sweet of you to say so" (that's *me* talking), "but my time is simply *frightfully* full—what with social engagements, acting as Papa's housekeeper, and preparing for my marriage in three months' time."

Her face grew beautifully serious. "But there's a higher part of you that wants something higher than all this—that wants a Vote!"

"Oh," I replied, "I shall *have* a vote when I'm married! Jack will vote *exactly* as I tell him."

She held up her hand reprovingly. "With that brow, it's no use trying to hide your higher self. Doesn't your heart *throb* when you hear of the great Woman's Movement?"

I said it hadn't throbbed up to now. "And as for my *brow*," I went on, "please, *please* don't look at it! My hair isn't really *properly* done yet."

Well, she talked and talked, and before she left she'd made me promise to go to a great meeting the next night, "Our glorious Claribel is to speak!" she told me.

"But I thought she was abroad?" I said.

"Supposed to be," she answered. "But she's just getting herself smuggled across the Channel in a big packing-case marked 'Explosives.' Isn't she grand?"

* * * * * *

I've been to the meeting. It was Jack's evening for coming, but I couldn't help that. It was splendid! Maud Timmins looked *sweet* in pink *cachemire-de-soie.* She sat by me for a time and told me who was who. There was Mary Holmes, who managed to get into the House of Commons and tied herself to the *Speaker's* chair; and there was Grace Clutterbuck, with her arm in a sling (in reaching up to slap a policeman she grazed her poor dear hand against his horrid hard helmet!), and lots of other heroines. And when the famous Claribel appeared on the platform, oh there was such clapping and cheering! And when she told us what it felt like to cross the Channel in a big packing-case marked "Explosives" we all stood up and screamed, and seven ladies were carried out choking!

When I got home I found Papa and Jack smoking together.

"I'm one of them!" I cried. "I've joined the W. S. P. U. Here are my sash and badge and card of membership! Oh, it was so *splendid* to-night! Claribel is so *grand*, and Maud Timmins is so *sweet*, and they're all such *brave, determined darlings!* And I felt such a poor *worm* among them, never having broken anything or

burnt anything or been in prison."

Jack looked glum, and Papa sighed and said, "You've been happy enough up to now, Kitty, without a vote."

"This is not a question of *happiness*, Papa," I told him. "It's a question of righting a wrong—of abolishing an injustice—of doing something I can't remember to a thing I've forgotten——"

Papa burst out laughing and I turned away. "I don't expect sympathy in the matter from *you*, Papa," I said, "but I don't despair of making *Jack* see eye to eye with me."

* * * * * *

Jack sees eye to eye with me, and I could wish it might stop there. I've taken him to several meetings, and he's even more enthusiastic now than I am. I've introduced him to Maud Timmins, and she's had a great deal to say to him. I don't think I like her quite so much as I did. Jack simply *raves* about her. "She's a ripper!" he said yesterday. "The idea of such a woman as that not having a vote—or anything else she wants! She's the prettiest, cleverest, most charming girl I ever met—except you, of course, Kitty," he added, *almost as if it were an after-thought.*

* * * * * *

I don't see *how* I'm to get through all my social and domestic duties and work for the W. S. P. U. as well.

Jack and I were to have gone to a great meeting to-night, at which Maud Timmins was to tell of her frightful experiences at Holloway; but I had a headache, or thought I had, and said I wouldn't go. *He actually went without me!* "Of course you wouldn't wish *me* to stay away too, dear," he said; "you've the Cause too much at heart for that. What message shall I give your friend, Maud?—Miss Timmins, I should say."

I looked at him. "I have no friend called Maud," I said frightfully coldly, "and I have no message for Miss Timmins," and I went up to my room and shut the door with the bang of an injured woman.

* * * * * *

I'm not one of them any longer! I put it to you—how *can* a girl run her father's house, keep no end of social engagements, prepare for her own wedding, and at the same time sell *The Militant* outside railway-stations and places, speak at street-corner meetings, break windows, throw things into letter-boxes, and pour stuff on golf-greens? It stands to reason that *one* set of duties must go; and so I've had to sever my connection with the W. S. P. U., and have sent back my sash, badge, flags and everything.

Of course they'll all despise me, call me a doll, a weakling, a reactionary in an upholstered cage, and all that sort of thing. But I don't care. Anyhow, Jack won't see that Maud Timmins any more!

* * * * * *

I've told Papa and Jack. They didn't twit me a bit. We had a regular cosy fireside evening to-night, with music and chat. After all, be it never so voteless, there's no place like Home! Jack was nicer and more devoted than ever—but still I'm glad he won't have any more chats with that Timmins creature.

During the evening I went to fetch Papa a book he wanted from the library, and on my return, when I was just outside the drawing-room door, I heard him say to Jack, "It was a capital idea of yours, my boy, and for all our sakes I'm delighted it's worked out so well!"

"What clever thing has Jack been doing?" I asked as I went into the room. But I never heard what it was, for he immediately began to tell me of a dear little house in Mayfair that he thought we might go and look at.

BRITAIN AND THE NEW ARMIES.

The great Powers of the Continent are about to increase their immediate readiness for war. Does that mean that they are actually contemplating war? This is a new phase of the old question of the relations between armaments and policy, and, like all big questions, is best answered on *a priori* lines. In a well-conducted State armaments certainly determine policy at any given moment. A Power should not attempt to do more than it can; we say, for example, that Russia will not make war now, because Russia is not ready. It follows that the readier the Powers are for war the greater will be the strain at a diplomatic crisis. But armaments do not determine policy over a long period. On the contrary, a nation's armaments are determined by its policy—by that and by new considerations with regard to the art of war. It is this last point which is responsible for the latest increases. The war in the Balkans has made it clearer than ever that the first blow tells. Had Turkey been as ready to fight in the third week of October as she was in the first week of December, the Bulgarian headquarters might still have been at Stara Zagora. The lesson of this war is that no Power can safely develop its reserve strength after hostilities have broken out. The side which is strong enough to force the first pitched battle stands the best chance of winning the campaign. This argument explains the action of all the Powers except one. There is a new spirit in France. France has been gaining strength, and the results of that slow process are now becoming clear—clearer, perhaps, to the French themselves than to other Europeans. All this is very important. In no country can a Government entirely control opinion, but in no country is the Government so fully at the mercy of opinion as in France. French opinion is growing bellicose, and French policy will reflect French opinion, as it did in 1870. Let us illustrate by taking three dates. The first is 1898. There was then a clash between France and Britain for the mastery of the Nile valley. There was no war, but that was because France surrendered in advance. Her strength was a paper strength, and her people quietly accepted the fact that France was a sham. The next date is 1905. Morocco mattered less than the Nile valley, but the smaller humiliation bit deeper. Then came 1911, really a corollary of 1905, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that France agreed to buy Germany off. Suppose Agadir had been postponed for three years. Could a Cailloux Cabinet be formed next July?

Practical men who think that facts are the only things that matter ask for proof of the new France. There is no proof. This is a change of temperament, to be felt not demonstrated. But every travelled Englishman knows that the atmosphere of France to-day is not the atmosphere of the '90's. Then you crossed the Channel into an anæmic world. There was no national pride. The Frenchman cared nothing for his state. He fell back on what he called first principles; either he sank into the most selfish individualism or he attacked his neighbor for his mad folly in believing in anything—the Church, for example—after the crash of 1870. Mr. Bodley sums it up well in a description of a cartoon he once saw. It represented an obese demi-rep—the phrase is his—with République Française on her tattered robe; and it was labelled "A Beauty of the Second Empire". Well, all that has gone now. "Jean Christophe" is a detailed and il-

luminating study of French in transition, and in its last volume we are given a loving picture of the modern French youth. To English readers he appears a vain little prig. The point is that he is vain, and vain of being a Frenchman, a thing to be ashamed of twenty years ago. The young man goes everywhere and does everything, seeking to compete with foreigners and always holding his head up; and the elderly men, whose lives were broken by 1870, feel as they watch him that somehow they have pulled France through her black years, and that she is again a nation with a sense of her high place in the world.

When, after Fashoda, England slowly began to draw closer to France, France was the most pacific Power in Europe. She had nothing whatever to hope for from war; and, as foreign policy is described for popular consumption, France is still given her old character. The Triple Entente is represented as standing for stability against the ambitions of the Triple Alliance. All this accepted doctrine must be reconsidered. Both France and Germany have worked for peace in the Near Eastern trouble. But then it was not their quarrel, and Austria and Russia were both unready. Reverse the positions, make France and Germany the protagonists, and can it be assumed that France, as the weaker vessel, would have let herself be bullied? In his present temper the Latin would have been more truculent than the Teuton.

Alliance or no alliance, we are deeply committed to France, and might be dragged into war at her heels. That was not our idea when we made the entente. Then we thought to put a little stiffening into a weak-kneed people; but now we are being caught in the orbit of another nation's policy. That can only lead us into misfortune, for France is the ally of Russia. We have not, nor ever had, any animus against Russia or the Russian Government. But anybody who cares to look at the map must see that when British and Russian interests meet they clash. It is not our interest that the Russians should move either on Constantinople or on the Persian Gulf. It is our interest that the Russian frontier line should be drawn as far north as possible, and as long as that frontier line is not pushed downwards and seawards Britain and Russia can be perfectly good friends. But as things are we have got into a vicious circle. First we come into good terms with France; then because Russia is France's ally we come into good terms with Russia; then, because she can use England as a counterpoise to Germany, Russia returns to an expansionist policy; and then the results of that policy tell heavily against British prestige in Central Asia. Could anything be more absurd than the position which we have created in Persia? Taught her lesson by the Japanese war, Russia was ready to make an agreement. The agreement was made, and its result is that we have made Russia a present of the whole of Northern Persia while at the same time dangerously restricting our sphere of influence in the South. All we can now do in Persia is to mark time, for any action we take can only strengthen Russia and weaken us. Truly, in refusing to take the country into his confidence on general questions of foreign policy Sir Edward Grey shows a tender care for his own reputation.

What are we to do? Here we are building Dreadnoughts to our increasing anxiety about our relations with Germany and to our mutual detriment in the Middle East. How are we to break the vicious circle? By realizing the true connection between armaments and policy. The fact is that in these days of trunk railways land

power is more than ever the instrument and corollary of sea power. We have no land power. It is because we have no land power that we made the Japanese alliance and fought Russia with Japanese troops. It is because we have no land power that we made the entente with France, thinking to use the French army as a shield against Germany. Now the tables have been turned. Instead of our using the French, they are using us. That is within their right; every State is entitled to make the best it can out of its diplomatic position. But it is not within the right of our Government to make our sea power a weapon in others' hands. On the contrary, it is the greatest of fallacies to argue that these military increases in Europe do not matter to us because our Navy guards our seas. Such a view is false in fact, because these increases are shifting the balance of influence and depriving us of the power to shape our policy by ourselves and for ourselves. But the view is also false in thought. It is not possible for a nation to divert all its military enterprise into one channel. While France has been preparing to restore three years' service, she has put some order into her fleet. Because Germany has built her fleet, she feels able to frame her new military programme. Even in England the "boom" in the Territorials coincide with the naval crisis. The fact is that both navies and armies express a national spirit, and unless they express that spirit they are worthless. That is why it is ridiculous to treat defence mathematically and draw a hard and fast line between Dreadnoughts and regiments. The real basis of defence is psychological and the spirit of a people cannot be confined to any one limited sphere. Because of this a good fleet and a good army always go together. First one creates the other, then each helps the other. But what is history to a Radical? Just so many "centuries of iniquity," as Milton put it.

The Saturday Review.

THE NOVEL AS ROSTRUM.

Quite recently, an aged dignitary of the Church, harking back to a now mouldered prejudice which was shared by most custodians of morals in his youth, took up his parable against the reading of novels. The characters of fiction, he complained, seemed mostly to be disagreeable folk who had all sorts of impulses, made shipwreck of good opportunities, and led thoroughly uncomfortable lives. To be in any way tolerable, he inferred, the novel should concern itself exclusively with the doings of exemplary folk of the human vegetable order, who dodder placidly through existence in a permanent state of emotional atrophy, who never yield to "impulses," or let their angry (or other) passions rise, and who invariably do the exact thing that they ought to do in the precise way in which they ought to do it. Just the sort of novel, in fact, that no one could have any possible inducement to write, and that no one who expects fiction to bear some recognizable relation to the facts of life could ever be persuaded to read.

If this belated cleric really felt it his bounden duty to discourage novel-reading, he might have found a much stronger and more effective line of attack by insisting upon the growing usurpation of his own professional function by the latter-day novelist of both sexes, and of every grade of distinction—and otherwise. More and more has it become the practice in recent years to convert the circulating

library into an agency of miscellaneous propaganda, and to use fiction as a vehicle for the *ex parte* advocacy of creeds, causes, fads, and theories—religious, political, economic, social, and what not.

Since Mr. H. G. Wells first began to construct his unconvincing and not particularly attractive Socialist Utopias in fictional form some ten or fifteen years ago, the employment of the novel for propagandist purposes of every variety has increased by leaps and bounds. Soon, it is clear, everybody in the story-telling business will be "doing it," unless a halt is called; and, seeing that the afflicting announcement of "a series of 'Votes for Women' novels" already stares us truculently in the face, it hardly seems too soon for a word of mild remonstrance.

Setting aside the sense of boredom which its practice only too commonly engenders, the worst effect of this method of controversy by fiction is that which it inevitably produces on the work of those who adopt it. For, needless to say, the whole system is blatantly and flagrantly inartistic, and its results, however superficially ingenious, have no relation whatever to the true art of the novelist. A writer whose governing consideration must be so to manipulate his story and develop its incidents as to make them unfailingly subservient to the interests of some controversial *parti pris*, becomes, when all is said and done, a mere literary mechanician; and the stronger his zeal for the cause he sets himself to serve, the weaker his captaincy of his soul as a literary artist.

As for his characters, they are merely so many ventriloquial puppets—some for the airing of the views which their creator seeks to commend, others for the usually inadequate expression (often for the wilful distortion) of those of his opponents. All the while, the hand that sets the marionettes dancing to the prescribed measure is never for a moment concealed; and the whole thing is only a degree or two more nearly related to the genuine art of fiction than is the ingenuous newspaper narrative which reveals itself, in its closing lines, as a column advertisement of Somebody's Anglo-American Stores or Somebody Else's Pale Pills for Paralytics.

But to complain of the essentially inartistic character of the novel which is only a tract or a pamphlet in disguise is to call attention to but one—and, perhaps, not the worst—of its inherent vices. Always, and of necessity, it is fatuously one-sided and irritatingly unfair; and the *odium theologicum* is, no doubt, accountable for the fact that these sins are never more in evidence than in the novel of sectarian proselytism which is enjoying so curious a vogue in these latter days. Usually written by a more or less recent adherent to the creed or sect whose interests it seeks to advance, it is only too apt to exhibit the proverbial zeal of the convert in the form of subtly spiteful attacks upon, or derogatory caricatures of, that other creed or sect from which the author has been recruited. Everything in the new garden is superlatively lovely; everything in the old is a tangle of mischievous weeds only fit for the burning. To the fair-minded reader, whatever his personal convictions or predilections in such matters, this kind of thing is merely exasperating; and it is the Nemesis of such offenders that their methods repel more than their proselytizing efforts attract.

It is the same thing in kind, though not perhaps in degree, with the fiction which is specially designed for the purpose of advertising the surpassing merits of some particular cult or cause, political, ethical, economic, hygienic, or other. In all such cases we have the same mechanical shaping of events to support and illustrate the thesis of the

book, the same conscious and unconscious blinking of the strength of the opposition case, the same absurd tendency to divide the characters into sheep and goats according to their position in the story as "pros" or "antis," the same all-round prostitution of the art of the novelist to the controversial exigencies of the boring special pleader.

To deplore the prevalence of the modern tractate-novel is by no means to deny, of course, that fiction has its legitimate uses as a medium for the influencing of opinion and as a vehicle for the furtherance of serious and didactic purpose. But in the cases of the great novels which have helped forward causes and promoted practical reforms, it is essential to note that their authors never adopted the rostrum pose, or subordinated their art to their advocacy. When Dickens, for example, desired to tilt against the cruelties of poor-law administration in his time, he did not seek to attain his end by means of an *ad hoc* novel in which all sense of artistic proportion was ruthlessly sacrificed, but by incidentally including in one of his works a series of concrete illustrations, presented with compelling literary art, of the evils that had kindled his reforming zeal. It may be said that our present-day fictionists lack the power which would enable them to achieve similar results by similar methods. Very likely; but that is surely the best possible reason for allowing us to keep our novels and our controversial tractates in separate compartments.

Alfred Berlyn.

The Academy.

MODES AND THE MAN.

In some people's minds exists the idea that men's fashions are as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and that only women's costumes are subject to perpetual change, but a little consideration will show that this is not quite the case. Minor variations are constantly occurring, and many others are from time to time advocated which, the Lord be praised! seldom secure adoption.

A writer in one weekly paper has lately been arguing in favor of a garb the tightness of which brings forcibly to my mind the figure cut by Mr. Tracy Tupman at Mrs. Leo Hunter's fête champêtre, even down, I imagine, to the two-inch tails. This peculiar proposal would leave us practically without pockets, and, I, for one, could hardly get on without my pockets. It astonishes me to calculate as I sit here that in the lounge suit I am at present wearing I have no less than thirteen, while, when I put on my overcoat to go out I add as many as six more. Perhaps I may be more than usually well supplied in this matter, for it should be explained that in my jacket and in my overcoat I have a commodious inside pocket constructed for the convenient carriage of papers. This, I believe, is customarily known as a poacher's pocket, and, if the origin suggested is trustworthy, I beg to thank the inventive poacher for a good idea.

Not one of my nineteen pockets is unoccupied. What, then, should I do were I compelled by a hideous convention to dispense with my beloved pockets? I should have to carry a small portmanteau in which to deposit my pipe, pouch, cigarettes and matches, my pocket-handkerchief, my loose cash, my keys, my Nelson's Library book, my *New Witness*, my correspondence, my fountain pen and pencil, my knife, my watch, my pocket book, and all the sundries which I

find it inconvenient to be without. Clearly, the loose fitting garment is the thing for me and for many like me, though I admit the existence of a class of Algies who decline to carry a latch-key lest it should spoil the set of their clothes.

And that remark brings us to the section of masculinity which most clearly justifies the remark with which I opened this discursive article. In my earliest recollection he was called the Lah-di-dah, later he became known as the Masher, as the Dude, the Johnnie, the B-hoy, and now the Nut, or, as it is frequently rendered, the K-nut, without, so far as I know, any reference to the potentate who ordered the sea to retire. There may have been other designations in between, just as there were before and will be again, but the same state of mind is prevalent throughout the list, even though the pose varies from time to time.

In the days of the Dude it was considered correct to assume "that tired feeling" as indicated by the following excerpt from a pantomime song of the period:

For it's such a jolly trouble for to walk, don't you know?
And it's such a jolly trouble for to talk, don't you know?
But of course it must be done, if you want to be A1,
And you want to do the heavy, don't you know?

In those days it was the mode to wear trousers through which it seemed a physical impossibility to pass the feet. The creased trouser had not then come into vogue, but no Nut would now appear out of doors without sharp edges, fore and aft, to his legs. I rather think this fashion was imported from America, where I certainly saw it before it became general over here. At that time, some twelve years ago, more or less, even the tram conductors wore their trousers beautifully creased, and the three-inch knickers of the little boys had been attended to with equal care.

Once, in a London Tube station, I saw a gentleman with his trousers creased down the sides. They reminded me a good deal of the peg-top style so popular a generation or so ago. But that was "once, my ducky, and only once," as Mr. Kipling says, and I have not yet come across the man who has had the pluck to follow the example. The effect was a little startling, but by no means unpleasing I thought.

The prevailing idiosyncracy of the Nut is to assume a sporty style. He must wear a coat suggestive of horsiness and his flat-brimmed felt hat must be pressed well down almost to his collar, with a rake to one side or the other. His trousers must be turned up to display either the striking boot or the gaudy sock. I think shoes are more popular just at present than boots for there is a decided run on inflamed socks and these should be carefully considered with a view to harmony in the color scheme of which the necktie forms an important part. The Nut is indeed a bonny boy, and is seldom the ass he makes himself look.

When his hat is removed you will find his hair bearing all the evidences of brilliantine, and brushed straight back from the forehead without any semblance of a parting. These young fellows are very particular about their tonsorial appearance, and to Mr. Frank Richardson's great satisfaction, they are nearly all clean-shaven. It was not ever thus, but the cult of the moustache is almost as surely moribund as its predecessor the cult of the Dundreary, is dead. Even Sir Edward Clarke has lately sacrificed his extensive side-whiskers. He ought to have consulted the nation before taking the step for surely those side-whiskers

were a national possession. It was Mr. George Ade, the American humorist, who, on first seeing Sir Edward Clarke, exclaimed, "Wal, a hare-lip is an infirmity, a club-foot is a deformity, but side-whiskers are a man's own fault."

To the majority of men the notion of appearing before the public in any novel attire is abhorrent, and perhaps it is well that we have pioneers who feel no such qualms and probably even enjoy the attention their latest vagaries may attract. For some good things have been introduced and some bad things abandoned because a few have ventured to lead the way. When I first went to the City some twenty years ago it was practically essential to wear a silk hat and a frock-coat. Those abominations have now been almost swept away, and my erstwhile formal garb has succumbed to a bowler hat and my lounge suit with its thirteen pockets. The reform has been gradually accomplished, greatly, I fear, to the distress of the silk hat makers, but these useful citizens are understood to have recompensed themselves by excursions into the Panama straw, and Homburg hat trades. The business in silk-hats must still be considerable, for everybody has one in a box at the office or at home, but he brings it out on as rare occasions as possible. As for the frock-coat, although at one time I had three, I am able with pleasure to assert that at the present moment I don't possess one at all. And don't intend to.

Moreover, I don't expect to find anyone coming forward in advocacy of the re-instatement of the frock-coat in the popularity it once enjoyed. An effort to save the shining topper was made some years back by varying its shape, giving it a bell-crown and other devices, but this did not do, and even the preservation of the orthodox shape in straw, as attempted by Lord Rothschild in Parliament, failed to provoke imitators.

The general conclusion one comes to on due consideration of this momentous question of men's attire is that we are moving forward on sane lines, gradually realizing a greater ideal of ease and comfort, and in the realization of that ideal lies surely a much better chance of finding elegance than in the stiff and formal fashions from which our fathers suffered.

The New Witness. *Teufelsdreck.*

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The struggles of American labor and American capital being not only incessant but also extending over the whole United States, the practised author has only to turn a fresh leaf of the Atlas to be provided with new scenery and environment, and A. M. Chisholm seems to have taken this precaution before writing "Precious Waters." The theatre of the story is the dry belt of the West, where "irrigation" is the master-word, and railway managers, ranch-owners, lawyers, and speculators pursue their vocations with new implements. This alone would impart interest to the narrative, for comparatively few Americans are familiar with the region or with its customs, but the author uses yet other means to enhance the attractions of the plot. A rich, wise, beautiful, and unworldly heroine; an energetic, brave, and clever hero; and a capitalist successfully filling the role of fairy godfather play the principal parts; and an Irish station master, a superficially civilized Indian, a serious Swede, acquainted with the sweet uses of dyna-

mite, and a skilful Chinese cook at brief intervals volubly stimulate the reader's attention by their use of dialect. The incidents succeed one another rapidly, but their course is no more sensational than is warranted by the conditions under which they occur. Men like the hero and his associates, fighting almost from minute to minute in defence of all their earthly possessions can hardly be expected to remember Emerson's maxim, "The gentleman is serene." Doubleday, Page, & Co.

So rare is an absolutely candid biography that among the many volumes of the kind which exist hardly one can be said to present an entirely truthful picture of its subject. It is but natural that those who knew a great man best, his relatives and friends, should wish to show his most admirable side to the world, and to veil his failings with silence. However, there is an increasing desire to know the whole, as far as possible, of human lives which are held up to view in biographies, and, by learning the causes of occasional failure and weakness, to value the attainments the more. "The Private Life of Henry Maitland" is the biography of a contemporary man of letters whose identity in the account is but thinly veiled. It is written by Morley Roberts from the dictation of one who appears under the initials J. H. The feeling it creates is one chiefly of wonder that in recent years a prominent writer of acknowledged worth should have almost starved in London. Henry Maitland is held up unfalteringly by one who was for years his closest friend. The baring of much that is sordid and terrible gives more than one touch of grimness to the book, but accentuates the quality of the man's genius. In England the book is widely discussed and is regarded with a variety of opinions; it should prove equally interesting to American readers. George H. Doran Company.

"King John of Jingalo" by Laurence Housman (Henry Holt & Co.) is the captivating title of an extremely clever tale of the adventures and complications which befel a well-meaning monarch, who chafed against the restrictions of his lot and sought for methods of baffling his Cabinet. The problems which beset King John, and the perplexities in which he finds himself are not unlike those which may be imagined as besetting King George of England at the present time, and the name of the kingdom over which the king in the story rules, or is supposed to rule, whimsically confirms the suggestion. But the author has been free to give his imagination play when he chooses, and he has wrought romance as well as humor into his story. There is a stiff-necked Cabinet, intent chiefly on teaching the king his place, and forcing him, though with courtesy and seeming deference, to do what he would not, and not to do what he would; there is a son of romantic and democratic propensities, with whom the king finds himself increasingly in sympathy; there is a daughter hardly less unconventional; there are labor disturbances, street riots, suffragette—or women chartist—demonstrations, in one of which the king himself, who has gone into the streets incog. to see what the crowd meant, is put under arrest by a big policeman, there is even a bomb-throwing, with the king's coach as the target. In fact, all sorts of things happen, and through them all the king moves, a puzzled but most lovable figure, ready at any time to abdicate his throne if necessary, and anxious at any cost to promote the welfare of his people. Altogether, it is a most diverting story, which leaves the reader pondering when he has turned the last page.